LETTERS OF *GALLANTRY.*

BY

M. DE FONTENELLE,

Under the Name of

The Chevalier *D'HER***.*

Tranſlated into *Engliſh*

By Mr. OZELL.

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TO THE READER.

WHatever be the Definition of Wit, its End is to Pleaſe; and as this cannot be done unleſs it be attended with good Humour and good Breeding, ſo if ever any Book had thoſe two Qualifications to boaſt of, it is certainly this of Mr. *Fontenelle*'s Letters. The Author is too well known in the World for me to tell the Reader that he is

a moſt Learned and Polite Man, that he delivers himſelf in a free eaſie manner; that he has a matchleſs Brilliancy, Gaiety, and Fire in every thing he ſays: In ſhort, all who take delight in writing or reading agreeable Letters need but read his, and depend upon't, if they have a Taſte, they will find their Accounts in them. It has been objected that the Beauty of Letters does often conſiſt in little Paſſages of Private Converſation and References to particular Matters, which can be underſtood by none but thoſe to whom they are written; and yet even ſuch Letters have met with great Applauſes when publiſh'd to the World, as is evident from thoſe of *Cicero* and *Pliny* among the Ancient *Romans*; *Guevara* among the modern

modern *Spaniards*, and *Voiture* and *Balzac* among the *French*; not to mention the *Italians*, among whom (as a certain eminent Author obſerves) there has hardly been any conſiderable Man who has not publiſh'd Letters with good Succeſs: But the following Collection being entirely upon the Subject of Love and Gallantry, which all People of Faſhion are competent Judges of, the aforeſaid Objection will not lye here; and all that the Reader has to do, after reading the Title, or if you will the Text of each Letter, will be to ſee how well the Author has handled it, without being detain'd by any Ænigma's or ſecret Innuendoes of private Concern between the Parties: Which

being ſo, there's no occaſion to ſay any thing further in this Place, but that the Letters under the Title of Appendix, are taken from M. *Coſtar*, M. *Gombauld*, and M. *Montreüil*, excepting the firſt, which is M. *Fontenelle*'s, but placed there by reaſon of its being Writ upon another Subject.

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M. de

M. de Fontenelle's Letters *of* Gallantry.

LETTER I.

To Madam G*****

Whenever she stands in need of a Lover, he offers his Service.

I Should have made bold, Madam, to have loved you a great while ago, if you had been at leisure to be loved; but you have already so many of that whining Tribe upon your Hands, that I thought 'twou'd be more proper to reserve my Love for you against another Opportunity: Some more favourable Occasion may offer it self, in which I may present you with it: Perhaps

haps your Court may come to be leſs crowded; or you may chance to have a mind to make ſome body Jealous, by the ſudden ſtarting up of a new Lover. You may aſſure your ſelf you have one in reſerve, whom you may make uſe of whenever you pleaſe. I ſhall always keep my Heart and Addreſſes in a readineſs; give me but the leaſt Hint when to begin, and I'll do't. Don't alledge that all you care for in Love is the Multiplicity of Lovers, and that therefore the ſooner I make my Entrance the better, becauſe I may help to make up the Number. Have more good Management and Oeconomy. The Fair have often twenty Conqueſts at the ſame time, and when they all drop off at once, conſider what a Mortification that muſt be. Lay up ſomething againſt a rainy Day; for my part, I ſhall be very eaſie to ſtay fifteen or twenty Years, if you think fit. I can bear with the Loſs of a little Equipage, which you have now too much of; or bate you ſomething of that mighty Vivacity you are inclined to, and there is a great deal of ſuperfluous in your Beauty. I deſire no more than is neceſſary, and that you will always have. If you do allot for me the Time I ask, 'twill be only a Seaſon which you would have elſe

elſe employed in Reflections. And I muſt needs own, I think it no Vanity to ſay, I am ſomething more pleaſant than ſuch melancholy Companions, and ſhall help to paſs away your Time more agreeably. The leaſt tender Sentiments in the World, are a thouſand times better than the wiſeſt Reflections. Inſtead of employing your ſelf in thinking of things only Speculative, or of nothing at all, you may think of Me. Adieu, Madam, 'till our Amours commence.

LETTER II.

To Mr. *T* ****

Who had a Law-Suit on his Hands, and was at the ſame time in Love with his Judge's Wife.

I Hear that, beſides your Law-Suit, you have an Amour upon your Hands, and that you are in Love with the Wife of your Judge. Men generally catch nothing in the Houſe of their Judges, but Trouble, Vexation, and Hatred; and you have caught Tenderneſs in the Houſe of yours. I can't conceive how, in a Man that's at Law, 'tis poſſible there

can remain any thing capable of loving; but perhaps you are in Love only for the Conveniency of your Suit. 'Tis much pleaſanter indeed to wait in the Chamber of the Wife, than in the Anti-chamber of the Husband, where you muſt be forced to walk about with others that are plagued by the Law, who will teaze you with a Relation of their Affairs, and not give you in return the Conſolation to liſten attentively to yours. You are much in the right, for turning the Attendance you are forced to pay there into Attendance upon a Lady; and 'tis better to make Court to the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, than to the Clerk. The one will be no more chargeable than the other; on the contrary, I believe you'll be a Saver by the Bargain, for the Rigours of the Clerk would have been greater than thoſe of the Lady, let her ſtand never ſo much upon her Virtue. I can't help laughing, when I think that all your amorous Raptures are only intended to make her ſpeak a good Word for you to her Husband, when ſhe believes ſhe is the Cauſe of the Sighs you fetch for the gaining of your Law-Suit. I ſuppoſe you place to her Account all the tireſome Nights your Buſineſs makes you ſpend without a wink of Sleep: And

I muſt own, 'tis an excellent Secret to make the Uneaſineſs your Law-Suit gives you meritorious in Love. But if you are ſeriouſly in Love, you have enough to do. To plead your Cauſe to the Huſband one Hour, and to the Wife the next! To talk Law to the one, and Love to the other! To go immediately out of a Cloſet, where you have been brawling as if you were poſſeſs'd with a ſort of Fury, into the Chamber of a Lady to ſigh with the greateſt Tenderneſs! To have no more Space than is between two Rooms allowed you to throw off the hideous Character of a Litigant, and put on the agreeable Perſon of a Lover! Does not your Head turn ſometimes? Do you not miſtake, and talk Love to the Husband and Law to the Wife? This will inure you mightily to Vigilance. You have Rivals on one ſide, and Adverſaries on the other, both whom you muſt have a watchful Eye to. You'll be cunning indeed, if you hinder the one from playing you ſome Trick while you are obſerving the Motions of the other. You'll find they'll combine together, and you'll at one time have a falſe Report made of you to your Miſtreſs, and at another a forged Deed ſlipt into your Bag. Adieu, Sir. If you are not real-

ly in Love, you underſtand your Buſineſs; if you are, you are making your ſelf more.

LETTER III.

To the ſame. *Upon the Loſs of his Suit.*

I Dare ſay the Compliment of Condolance I am now to make you, ought to be accompanied with a Compliment of Congratulation. Your Cauſe was good, and you have loſt it. This is as much as to ſay, you was liked by Madam *L*---- You ſolicited your Judge but too much, and were too much in the Favour of a Perſon he loved. The Juſtice Love did you, has drawn upon you the Injuſtice of the Court. But I believe you are pretty well contented; for Gallantry is much ſtronger in you than Law. You have follow'd the Law but ſix Months, and you have follow'd Gallantry at leaſt twenty Years; and 'tis but reaſonable you ſhould ſucceed beſt in that Profeſſion wherein you have moſt Experience. Conſider, it had been a Diſhonour to you, had you won the Cauſe and loſt the Lady. 'Twou'd have been the ſame thing

thing as if a Soldier had given a good Reſolution to a Queſtion in Philoſophy, and had run away in a Battel. All that loſe Cauſes are not revenged as you are; and the Judge's Wife does not always make Amends for the Wrong the Huſband does them. You'll for the future be more fond of this handſome Lady than ever: Your Averſion for her Huſband will turn to her Advantage. But permit me to give you a word of Advice: You have hitherto ſhewn a great deal of Diſcretion with regard to the fair Sex; be very cautious how you complain of having loſt your Cauſe. You can never mention the Injuſtice of the Husband, without publiſhing the Favours of the Wife: Eſpecially a Bill of Review would be the indiſcreeteſt thing in the World, and the moſt contrary to the Laws of Love. Don't ſo much as think of it; but place the Mony your Judge has made you diſburſe, among the Expences you have been at upon the Ladies.

LETTER IV.

To the Marquiſs of *****

Upon the Chevalier who was in Love with a Tradeſman's Daughter.

WHY do you make ſuch a Jeſt of our Friend the Chevalier, upon his being in Love with a Tradeſman's Daughter? Is there no getting Entrance into a Heart, but as they enter into the Order of *Maltha*, by producing Teſtimonials of our noble Birth? For my part, I think two bright Eyes as noble as the King; and I don't deſire they ſhou'd produce any other Evidences than Vivacity and Sweetneſs. Do you think I'll away with the Uglineſs of any Face, purely becauſe that Face is deſcended from twenty Dukes? Not in the leaſt. All ugly Women are no better in my Eyes than Cinder-Wenches: And yet I have known ſome Men, who in Perſons that were far from being handſome, have fallen in Love with their Illuſtrious Anceſtors, and with the Titles of their Families; but I muſt confeſs, my Thoughts are not ſublime enough to be in Love with a Tree of Genealogy.

If

If our Chevalier were in that Country, where they chuſe their Kings by Beauty, he would now be in Love with a Princeſs; but being in *France*, he is in Love with only a Tradeſman's Daughter: Well then, let him imagine her to be ſome Foreign Princeſs in Diſguiſe. Let me ask you one ſerious Queſtion: If you found your ſelf inclined to love a beautiful Woman, would you check your Inclinations by ſaying, *Hold, we are indeed ſatisfied with her Beauty, but we have not yet looked into her Birth?* I am ſure your Heart would prevent your examining into that. There is hardly any thing Natural now among the Ladies of Quality, neither Shape, Complexion, nor Sentiments; Nature is gone over to the meaner ſort, and our Friend follows her thither: All the Misfortune is, that he will not indeed Sigh in Apartments of ſeven Rooms on a Floor and magnificently Furniſhed; and thro' the whole Houſe his Miſtreſs lives in he can ſee nothing ſo charming as herſelf. But if he intends to deceive her, I am entirely againſt him. Men of his Diſpoſition generally tell ſuch Fair ones, that 'tis ungentile to reſiſt, that Ladies of Quality never do it, and upon this the poor Creatures yield, only to ſhew

that they are well-bred. I am for having Simplicity reſpected: If a Man has a mind to be a Knave, let him be ſo in the politer Part of the World, where Knavery is countenanced and eſtabliſhed.

LETTER V.

To Mademoiſelle C****

Who was newly come from England *into* France.

I Write to you, Madam, in a Language you are not very well acquainted with; but then I write upon a Subject which you will eaſily underſtand. When I tell you I think you the moſt agreeable Lady in the World, I believe you won't want an Interpreter; you muſt needs underſtand that, even tho' I ſaid it in *Chineſe*; for after one had ſeen you, what elſe could one ſay to you? There have been a great many Ships which, having ſailed almoſt round the whole World, have returned to *France* laden with Foreign Curioſities; but they never brought any thing ſo curious

curious as the Ship which brought you did, tho' it has not made ſo long a Voyage. But it is not becauſe you come from another Country, that I have ſo great an Eſteem for you; even tho' you were a *French-woman* it would be almoſt the ſame; yet I cannot help thinking that your Gibberiſh contributes ſomething to the Pleaſure I take in ſeeing you. You can't imagine how many new Charms, and what particular Life there is in your Face, when you are ſtudying for a Word. All the Eloquence which your Mouth then wants is in your Eyes. I can't now conceive how any Man can love a Woman that ſpeaks *French* without Heſitation. I beg you not to learn it better than you talk it already; for you would loſe a thouſand Graces by it. You have no Occaſion for any more than three or four Words, which are indiſpenſably neceſſary; ſuch as *to Love*, *to Sigh*, *Tenderneſs*, and with theſe you may expreſs a great deal. How I envy the Man for whom you ſhall ſtammer out thoſe Words!

LETTER VI.

To Mademoiſelle *.*****.

A Declaration of Love.

MY Duty obliges me, Madam, to inform you of a thing which I have long conceal'd. I am ſorry I can hide it no longer, and that I am forced to tell you a Piece of News which will perhaps offend you; but my Conſcience will not ſuffer me to keep it any longer from you. 'Tis now, Madam, exactly a Month ſince I firſt loved you. You may take this as you pleaſe; you may put your ſelf into a Paſſion: For my part, I only wanted to eaſe my Conſcience, and when I have done that, I ſhall be diſturb'd at nothing. 'Tis my Opinion there is nothing more unjuſt, than ſeeing a Perſon amiable as you, without loving her. Love is a Fee due to Beauty, and he that ſees Beauty without loving it, baſely with-holds from it its lawful Claim. I ſhould not be able to Sleep in quiet, if my Soul were guilty of ſo great a Sin. You'll tell me, that I ought to have loved you without letting you know it. I underſtand your Expedi-

ent,

ent, Madam; but when one pays one's Mony, one loves to have an Acquittance for it. I pay you the Love I owe you, and I make a Declaration of my doing ſo. Elſe how do I know but you might in time come and trouble me about it? There's nothing like being cautious in what one does. 'Tis in vain for you to tell me I need not be afraid: We don't know what may happen; your Humour may change. In ſhort, this is certain, when you know I love you, there's at leaſt no harm done.

LETTER VII.

To the ſame. *Upon her being Angry at his Declaration of Love.*

YOU have made a mighty Bluſter at my Declaration; you are extremely well ſatisfied with your ſelf; your Virtue has put on its greateſt Fury: But what will you ſay, that after all you do not come to love me? Yes, you ſhall love me; I know what I ſay, and I feel ſomething that tells me I ſhall gain your Affection. Don't have ſo good an Opinion of your Indifference; I have Conſtancy

ſtancy enough to overcome an Indifference four Times as great as yours. I don't value the Time it will coſt me, when ſuch a Beauty as you is in the Caſe. Will it take up whole Years? Well, let it take up whole Years if it will: I have no Buſineſs more agreeable. You'll grant me no Favours? Then I'll love even your Rigour itſelf. You'll do me only ſlight Favours? They'll ſeem to me to be of the greateſt Value, becauſe they come from you. You'll raiſe me up Rivals? I'll make them all fall off, by my Aſſiduity, and by the Deſpair I'll give them of ever being able to pay you half the Devoirs I ſhall. In ſhort, do your worſt, your Indifference ſhall have no Effect; and at laſt, after long Services, Fidelity, Tenderneſs and Reſpect, you ſhan't know what ſide to turn to, but be forced to love me in your own Defence. The Cream of the Story is, that when you love me, I ſhall love you ne'er the leſs. You may think this no ſuch mighty Matter; but I'd have you to know this is a very conſiderable Promiſe. You fine Ladies imagine that you may let your poor Lovers ſpend all their Addreſſes in vain for whole Years, without any Return, and afterwards you take it in your Heads,

Heads, when you think fit, to love them; but what happens upon this? They began to love before you, and they have done before you; ſo that you go on to the end of the Race without a Mate. Now you need not be afraid of this Inconvenience from Me. For my part, I can love very well, tho' I am loved again. If you won't believe me, you had beſt try the Experiment.

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame. *Upon the Cruelty ſhe uſed him with, after he had declared himſelf.*

SINCE I have been your declared Lover, I have made no ſmall Progreſs in your Affections. You will not now ſtay a Moment alone with me; you will not receive me at your Toilett; you will not ſo much as ſuffer me to touch your Hand. Very well, Madam; all this is wondrous well; I come on apace. You withdraw all the Favours you uſed to grant me out of Negligence or Careleſsneſs; ſo that for the future I ſhall receive none but what are of ſome Signification. 'Tis true, I am forced to begin anew, but that's no Matter. By the Method

Method I had at firſt choſen, one makes great Progreſs at firſt, and afterwards wonders to find one is at a full ſtop; whereas by the new Method you have put me into, one advances very ſlowly, but ſtill one advances on. There's nothing like a regular Method. You know where abouts *Cyrus* and *Aronce* are at the beginning of the firſt Volume; yet thoſe Heroes, even at their Snail's Pace, come to the end of their Journey by the twelfth. But I have a piece of Counſel to give you: Every body ſees you uſe me worſe than ordinary, and by this they gueſs I love you, and that there muſt be ſomething between us. You may in time come to uſe me ſo very ill, that People will believe you love Me. I beg you, Madam, not to diſcover our Correſpondence. Be more diſcreet in publick, and do me ſome Favours to ſave your Reputation. Is it for Me to be more diſcreet than You? Should Men make ſuch Requeſts to Women? How much do I differ from the generality of our Sex! Others, leſs careful of their Miſtreſs's Honour, would deſire you to continue your Rigour; but for my part, I am not ſo Vain-glorious.

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LETTER IX.

To the ſame. *Upon his going to be abſent from her for ſome time.*

I Am going from you for ſome time, Madam; that is as much as to ſay, I am going to love you more than ever. Abſence has an Effect upon me which I believe it has upon no Body elſe; it gives me the tendereſt Sentiments imaginable. Thoſe whom I am at ſome diſtance from, I always deſcribe to my ſelf as the moſt charming Perſons in the World, and never fail to be ſatisfied with their Conduct towards me. Even You will then preſent your ſelf to my Imagination grateful and ſenſible of Services. I ſhall fancy that if I were with you, you would do me a thouſand little Favours; and in this I ſhall be more charmed with your Idea than I ever was with your Perſon. If by your Severity you have a deſign to gain a Place in my Thoughts in the Character of a *Heroine*, I can give you my Word for't you'll loſe your Labour; for as ſoon as ever I am out of your Preſence I forget all your Cruelty. My Imagination is ſo gentle that it does

not

not care to think of ſuch Things, and I muſt ſee them before I can believe them. I know that the Moment I return you'll ſpare no Pains to correct the ill Bent my Imagination has taken; but let the worſt come to the worſt, I ſhall have had a little Time of Eaſe during my Abſence from you. I ſhall be but too happy, if I don't play the Fool and come back as ſoon as I can. If you ſee my Fidelity with any Delight, I'll promiſe you I ſhall be even more faithful abſent than preſent. I can no where find any thing ſo amiable as your Idea when purged from your Faults, and I ſhall have nothing but that in my Head; but when I behold you rigorous to the laſt Degree, I may chance to find ſomething that excels you, at leaſt in that Point. I don't care to deceive you; and therefore I muſt needs own I love you only becauſe I know none more worthy of being beloved, and from the very Moment I can find any one who has more Merit, you muſt take your leave of me. At firſt I made an exact Calculation, whether what Wit and Beauty you have more than all the reſt of the World would make amends for your Want of Tenderneſs; and finding they would, I preſently ſet about loving you. Yet I don't know

but

but there may happen to be ſome Body or other who can love ſo much, as to out-ballance by that all the other Advantages you have over her; in this Caſe, I give you Notice to ſtand upon your Guard; for, in ſhort, you muſt not think 'tis Beauty and Wit alone that gain our Affections; Tenderneſs has its Value, and 'tis written in large Characters upon my Heart, as upon the Apple of Diſcord, *Let it be given to the moſt Lovely.*

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LETTER X.

To the ſame. *A Relation of his Journey, and of the Effects of her Abſence.*

DID not I foreſee that Abſence would very much diſturb the Tranquility of my Heart? I never was no full of you before. I was impatient to talk of you at what rate ſoever, and even upon the Road I long'd to find ſome Body that knew you. The firſt Day I met with no Body, and all I could do was to ſtrew the Way with Sighs which return'd back from whence I came. The next Day I overtook a Gentleman, who by his good Mien put me in hopes he might know you. After we had exhauſted the com-

mon

mon Topics of Travellers, I ask'd him from whence he came? he came from ---as well as I. This encreaſed my Hopes. I talk'd in general Terms of the Ladies there, and complain'd there was not one that could be call'd handſome; this you may eaſily imagine was to induce him to contradict me, and to Name you; but he did not care to enter into any Particulars. 'Tis true, he talk'd very agreeably and with a great deal of Politeneſs. At laſt, impatient to get my Ends, I named Madame *V*-------- as a handſome Woman, and ask'd him if he knew her. He told me he had ſeen her. My Hopes were now raiſed to the higheſt Pitch. I name you; he did not know you, having only paſs'd thro'---and ſeen Madam *V*-----by Chance. With this I clapp'd Spurs to my Horſe, and away I rid. He came to dine at the ſame Inn where I put up; but I would not ſee him. What had I to do with his Converſation, unleſs he talk'd of you? I am more happy here in the Country. In theſe remote Deſarts I have met with the Baron *de*--- who knew you a little. I have made him believe he was in love with you, only for an Occaſion of talking to him the oftener of you. I give him an Account of your Health with a cunning malicious Smile, and

nd he receives it in the ſame manner. I wn I pay pretty dear for the Pleaſure of alking of you. All the Baron's Merit conſiſts in his Knowledge of Beaſts. His Head runs upon nothing but his Hounds nd Horſes, and I have often much a-do o make him take the Diſcourſe off of hem to turn it upon you. Tho' indeed, I eldom deſire him to anſwer me; if he hears me 'tis enough, and at the bottom the Baron is ſomething better than an Eccho or a hollow Cavern. When I have not him to talk to, I have here ſome large ſhady Walks, which are extremely dangerous to a Lover; they inſpire him with pernicious Muſings, and the Remembrance of your Beauty together with thoſe Walks may prove fatal: Beſides, 'tis mightily reſorted to by Nightingales, with whom you have undoubtedly ſome ſecret Intelligence. You ſend them to me on purpoſe, that by their Songs they may make my Heart ſtill more Tender. They ſing ſo charmingly, they muſt certainly be taught by you. I have a ſtrange Weakneſs; I can no longer hear a purling Stream, but it goes to the Heart of me. Sometimes in my Walks, when I entertain my ſelf with your Idea, I talk to it, and ſay, *When ſhall I ſee thee again? When wilt thou love me?*

me? Be not angry at my uſing you ſo freely; your Idea is grown familiar to me, and you know the Country is a free Place.

LETTER XI.

To the ſame. *Sending her ſome Pies made of a wild Boar which had like to have wounded him at Hunting.*

I Have been in very great Danger, Madam; but at length my Enemy is defeated, and I ſend him you in Cruſt. I have had him well ſalted and pepper'd, that I might preſerve the Memory of my Triumph by ſhewing his Carcaſs. If I had been acquainted with the Art of the Ancient *Egyptians*, I would have embalmed him, and made a Mummy of my Boar: This would have laſted an infinite Number of Ages; but the deuce on't is, we Moderns have no other Art than that of raiſing of Paſte. You muſt know, Madam, that as I was Hunting with the Baron, this Beaſt did not care to let me kill him. Firſt he run away, and then all of a ſudden he turns on me with the greateſt Fury. Upon this I ſtop'd ſhort, to conſider a little

ittle. I did not know but he might be ent from you againſt me; for every hing that's terrible I preſently think comes from you. I very well knew, hat in this Caſe it was my Duty, as a perfect Lover, to ſuffer my ſelf to be devoured; but having examined the Boar a little more narrowly, I found he had not ſo amiable an Air as your Rigour and Cruelty have. But there ſtill remained another great Doubt; namely, whether I ought not to die to put an end to the Misfortunes you bring upon me; but this Thought ſeem'd too ſelf-intereſted for me to follow it, and I fancied your Honour was concerned that a Lover, ſo faithful as I, ſhould live, whether he found his Accounts in it or no. My Zeal for your Glory therefore coſt the poor Boar his Life, and he little thought he had to do with a Man encouraged by ſo powerful a Motive. I ſhot him dead, and I believe for the future the Boars will be more cautious how they Jeſt with thoſe who defend their Lives for your Sake. I ſhall be exceeding happy, Madam, if you eat part of this with ſome Sentiment of Revenge for his having dared to put me in Danger, and if that heightens your Taſte of him.

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LETTER XII.

To Mr. *C******

Upon his Studying the Philoſophy of Deſcartes.

IS it really true, Sir, that you have loſt your Senſes? We hear you are turned Philoſopher, and are a Follower of one of the moſt extraordinary Sects in the World. You don't believe there are any Colours; you aver that Beaſts are Machines like Clocks; in ſhort, you turn things topſie-turvy in ſuch a manner, that there's no knowing where we are. I was talking of your Caſe t'other Day to Madame *de B.* who is a great Friend of yours, and is very ſorry for you. She ſwears ſhe would tear out *Deſcartes*'s Eyes, if he were alive. And indeed it muſt be own'd, his Philoſophy is a filthy Philoſophy. It quite deforms all the Ladies. If there are no Colours, it follows there are no Complexions; and then what will become of the Lillies and Roſes of our Beauties? 'Twill be in vain to tell them, that Colours are in the Eyes of the Beholders, and not in the Objects:

Objects: The Women won't care to de-
end upon the Eyes of others for their
Complexions; they'll have them all to
hemſelves; and if there are no Colours
n the Night-time, Mr. *N.* has made a
ne hand of it, in falling in Love with
Mademoiſelle *D. L. G.* for her charming
Complexion, and marrying her. 'Twould
e a great Mortification to him, to
hink he poſſeſs'd the fineſt white and
ed in the World, and in reality to poſ-
ſs nothing. Madam *de B*----- and I
hought of another Argument too,
hich will certainly put you to your
hifts: You ſay Beaſts are Machines
ke Watches? But put the Machine
lled a Dog, and the Machine called a
itch to one another for ſome time, and
ere may reſult another little Machine;
hereas two Watches might be toge-
er all their Life-time, without ever
oducing a third Watch. Now Ma-
m *de B*---- and I think, according to
r Philoſophy, that all things which
ing but two, are endued with the
irtue of making themſelves three,
e of a much higher Nature than a
achine. We allow you time to an-
er us, knowing you muſt turn over
oks before you can do it. Madam
B---- informs you by my hand, that

if ever you ſhould come hither ſhe'll ſhut the Door upon you, without you give her Satisfaction for her Complexion; and as for me, be aſſur'd I am a Machine wound up to Love and Eſteem you for ever.

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they place Rivers where there never were any before; they throw up new Mountains and deſtroy the old. For our parts, we like things very well as they are, and ſhould be ſorry to ſee any Alteration made. We ſhould be loth to part with the leaſt River or Mountain about *Paris*. What is ſome Comfort to me is, that I don't think the Earth would dare to ſwallow up ſo great a City; but if I were in the little paltry Village where you live, I ſhould be horribly afraid; the Earth cannot ſo much as gape, but ſhe muſt ſuck it in. She has now only had a little ſhivering, which ran between her Skin and Fleſh; but God preſerve her from a violent Ague. Let us know what Mrs. *Philoſophy* ſays to all this, and whether ſhe ſits with her Hands before her, without taking any care about it; for my part, ever ſince I felt my Bed rock to and fro, I have not believed there is any thing ſtable in this World.

LETTER XIV.

To Madam D***

Who pretended ſhe had converſed for four Hours together with a Familiar Spirit, which ſpoke thro' the Mouth of a little Girl, into whom it was enter'd.

I Begin now, Madam, to know the People of the other World; they have the ſame Taſte as the People of this, and deſire your Converſation as well as us. But do you think we ſimple Mortals can endure you any longer, after you have been accuſtomed to Spirits? They diſtinguiſh you in the civileſt manner in the World. Thoſe Sparks are generally mighty rude: They open your Curtains; pull off your Bedcloaths; give you a good Beating, and you hear no more of them. They unfurniſh a Chamber without a why, or a wherefore: In ſhort, I could never like their Proceeding, and I thought they came hither only to play ſome unlucky Pranks, which ſeldom had any thing in them worth laughing at. Tho' ſome there

there are among them, who go of their own Heads into the Stable, and do not diſdain to curry the Horſes. But at laſt we find one honeſt Fellow of a Spirit, who without Fighting, or making a Hurly-burly, has entered into a regular Converſation. And into what Converſation? A Converſation of four Hours. 'Tis plain you are uncommonly deſerving. Thoſe Folks never before ſaid two Words that would hang together. They only give People Fillips on the Noſe, for they diſdain to talk with any body. You are the firſt that ever held a quiet Diſcourſe with a Spirit, he in his Arm-Chair, and you in yours. But 'tis worth obſerving how gentilely this Spirit behaves himſelf: He durſt not addreſs himſelf immediately to you; he enters into a little Girl, thro' whoſe Mouth he converſed with you. He puts me in mind of your Lovers, who try to get the Favour of your Woman the firſt thing they do. The Spirit has certainly ſome very important Declaration to make to you, ſince he takes thoſe Meaſures. As yet he has talk'd only of common Topicks, that he might not frighten you. You ſay you could pump nothing out of him relating to the Affairs of the other World; and 'tis no ſuch hard

matter to perceive the Reaſon of that; you are lovely enough to get out of him all the Secrets of the Country he comes from; but he means to ſell you thoſe Diſcoveries at a dear Rate, and I own I ſhould do the ſame if I were in his Place. But at leaſt, I ſuppoſe you ask him Queſtions enow about this World. I fancy I have ſo great a ſhare in your Heart, that you interrogated him a little concerning me, and deſired him to inform you of the Truth of my Proteſtations. No doubt, he told you that I proteſt as much to a great many others; that a real Paſſion and I are two incompatible things; that I go no further than a little Mirth or ſo: but I beſeech you don't believe any thing he ſays; the Spirit is jealous of me. He knows I love you more than he does, and therefore he has a mind to undermine me. 'Tis a ſad thing to have ſuch ſecret Enemies as he is. I'm afraid he'll forget the Politeneſs with which he uſed You, and come and inſult Me with all the Incivility his Species are uſed to be guilty of. But I hope, however, you'll know what ſets him on, and that the Blows he ſhall give me will turn as much to my Advantage as all my Aſſiduity and Reſpect. I did not in the leaſt apprehend your

creat-

creating me Rivals, who can come every Night and diſmantle my Apartment, throw all the Goods out of the Window, and perhaps break my Bones for me, while I am unable to help my ſelf: This 'tis to addreſs one's ſelf to a Lady who is too handſome. Sure the Spirit will ſoon leave the little Girl, who now ſerves him for a Pretence, and enter into you your ſelf; but were he here, I'd tell him to his Face, that when he does talk by your Mouth, there will be no perceiving that you ſpeak at all better than you do already.

LETTER XV.

To Mademoiſelle J****

Upon a Law-Suit he had with his Steward.

'TIS a true Saying, Madam, that Secrecy is a Quality extremely neceſſary in Love. If the Paſſion I have for you were leſs publickly known, a Law-Suit I have here would go on much better than it does. I am at Law with my Steward, and can plainly ſee he laughs at all I can do. He does nothing but endeavour to gain Time, becauſe he

knows I love you, and is perſwaded I ſhall ſoon have the Weakneſs to return to----- to ſee you. I may hector and bounce as much as I will; he don't mind me. 'Tis a great Pity, Madam, that I muſt endure both your Contempt and my Steward's too. Sure he has been of your Privy-Council, he imitates you ſo exactly in every thing. He knows in his Conſcience how much he owes me, and he has taken a firm Reſolution not to pay me a Farthing. He uſes all manner of Quirks about the leaſt thing; he engages me in Proceedings, which at the rate they go on, will continue theſe ten Years; my Sincerity towards him does not in the leaſt touch him, he only watches for an Opportunity to play me a Rogue's Trick. But nevertheleſs I am in hopes the Judgment I ſhall get againſt him will be valid too againſt you; the Caſe will be at leaſt Parallel, and you'll be unable to make any Anſwer to it. I'll preſs my Adverſary cloſe, not ſo much for the ſake of the four thouſand Crowns He owes me, as of the Tenderneſs You owe me. I ſhall be a great deal the more ſevere with him, becauſe he repreſents you.

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LETTER XVI.

To the ſame. *Upon the ſame Subject.*

I Foreſaw what you tell me, Madam, namely, that you will join in the Intereſts of my Steward, and ſollicit for him. As both of you only ſeek to prolong Affairs, your Judges have juſt granted you a Delay of an infinite deal of time. You triumph, but I have a way to be revenged of you. In two Days I mean to ſee you. I intend to divide my Time between my He Litigant and my She Litigant. The Leiſure one gives me I'll ſpend in acting againſt the other. I don't doubt you'll find me full Employment. As ſoon as ever I ſhall be come to you, you'll have me recall'd by your Aſſociate, who will make me ſome Appointment; and when I am purſuing him, he'll force me to quit my hold, by getting you to ſend me ſome tender Meſſage, which will preſently make me fly to you. But 'tis no matter, I ſhall in time grow ſo unmerciful a Man at Law, that you ſhall have Cauſe to tremble upon the leaſt Advan-

tage I gain over either of you. I had rather gain it over you, becauſe you're even more obſtinate than my Steward; and I believe your Example would have more Effect upon him, than his wou'd upon you. If you once pay me the Services you have received, he'll find he can't avoid paying me the Mony he has received too. Therefore I'll labour hard to obtain ſomething of you that may convince him, and I'll preſently cauſe him to be informed of the Favours you have done me. 'Twill be convenient for me to end both Affairs at once while I am with you, and not be forced to return to the Courts again; be aſſured you ſhall find me for this Reaſon more ardent and paſſionate than ever, and perhaps you may be the firſt that ever was pleaſed with the Effects of Abſence.

LETTER XVII.

To the ſame. *Upon his Return to her.*

I Thought you Yeſterday, Madam, more charming and beautiful than ever. I can't tell whether you were really

really handſomer, or whether 'twas my Imagination made you ſo. This 'tis to love too much; one never knows the exact Truth of things. I ſhould ſometimes doubt whether you are indeed ſo amiable as you ſeem to me to be, if I did not hear a great many other People ſay you are. You might be ugly, and I know nothing of the matter, for I love you to Madneſs. And indeed, even when I began to love you, as I found I muſt not truſt to my own Judgment in any thing relating to you, I went about enquiring of every body, if you certainly had the large brisk Eyes, the agreeable Mouth, and the graceful Mien I thought you had; they told me there was no Illuſion in any thing of all that, and upon this Information I gave my Heart leave to do whatever it thought beſt. Yet when I conſider the matter more ſeriouſly, I think 'twou'd be better for me, if you were handſome only in my Imagination, inſtead of being really ſo. 'Tis impoſſible to ſay with how much Pleaſure you would receive a Paſſion that gave you Beauty; and if you wou'd not love Me, I'd preſently forbear to love you, and by that means give you your former Homelineſs. But you wou'd not be very well pleaſed to owe me

your

your Beauty, for then you muſt employ it only for me, and that is not your Deſire. 'Tis a Misfortune that you ſhould be obliged to no body for your Charms; it makes you too proud and haughty. Yet I don't know but you were inſpir'd by ſomebody with thoſe you had on Yeſterday. 'Tis certain your Eyes were not juſt in the ſame Condition I left them in when I went away. There was ſomething in them alter'd; they had a certain Brightneſs, and a more gentle Fire, which I thought boded no good to my Paſſion, for that Brightneſs and that Fire were produced in my Abſence. I defie you to love, and I not perceive it. Alas! they ſay the Eye of a Maſter ſhould be every where; but the Eye of a Lover ſhould be much more ſo: I have been away two Months, and behold the Fruits of it. If I had been here, I'd have taken care to have hinder'd your Eyes from growing brighter; nay, I'm miſtaken if I did not catch them in the Fact with a Gentleman who was at your Houſe; for he look'd at you, and you at him. I muſt examine further into this Affair; my Heart tells me I have a Rival; but I don't love to believe my Heart too ſoon: My Heart told me you ought to love me long

long ago, and yet how little do you love me!

LETTER XVIII.

To the ſame. *Upon his having found a Rival at his Return.*

I Now no longer doubt my having a Rival; he diſcover'd himſelf Yeſterday by the ill Humour he was in at my ſtaying long with you. I can't but admire how cunningly you laid hold of an Opportunity to make your ſelf beloved by him. I'll lay a Wager, had I been preſent, he never durſt have had a Thought of you: He'd ha' ſeen how I love you, and deſpair'd of loving you as much. Therefore knowing I frighten away thoſe who wou'd otherwiſe engage themſelves to you, you take Advantage of my Abſence to make your Conqueſts in; but I'll ſoon ſhew my ſelf to my Rival in all my Paſſion. At leaſt, if he has your Heart, I'll take care he ſhan't have it eaſily. Perhaps the Inclination you might have for him would have made you have required only ſome ſmall Tenderneſs of him, and ſupplied by

by your Goodneſs, what was wanting in his Love: But when he ſees mine, he'll endeavour to equal it, and be aſhamed to be preferr'd to a Man who loves you more than himſelf. Thus by my earneſt Devoirs I ſhall run up your Heart to the higheſt Price it can poſſibly be raiſed to, and you ſhall be obliged to me for being ſo tenderly beloved by the Rival you have raiſed me up. If you had any Reaſon in you, you'd think your ſelf indebted to me, not only for my own Love, but for his too. I ſhould have a Right to demand this double Acknowledgment; yet to be generous, if you'll pay me for my Tenderneſs, I'll forgive you my Rival's.

LETTER XIX.

To the young *Engliſh* Woman.

Upon her being beloved by an Engliſh *Gentleman.*

THERE is a Report ſpread Abroad about you, Madam; they ſay you are beloved by an *Engliſh* Gentleman, and that you do not very much oppoſe his

his Addreſſes. What can you mean? Need you have paſſed the Seas to come to love an *Engliſhman* in *France?* To what purpoſe is your Voyage? This is often the Cauſe that People loſe the Labour they have taken in travelling into Foreign Countries; they Converſe there with none but thoſe of their own Nation. At leaſt, let us wholly enjoy the Time you do ſpend amongſt us. I find *England* is very fearful of your eſcaping her, ſince ſhe ſtill holds you to her by an *Engliſh* Lover. But you put a great Affront upon *France*, all whoſe Cavaliers you ſhew ſo viſible a Contempt of: Have a care of your ſelf; *France* is not now in a Condition to endure an Inſult; even I who ſay this am ſo zealous for my Country's Honour, that there's nothing which I would not do to revenge it upon you. I may ſay to you what *Scevola* ſaid to *Porſenna*, *If I do fail in my Deſign, there are however three hundred of us in the Conſpiracy.* You may aſſure your ſelf we ſhan't tamely bear ſo great an Injury. You made Anſwer to thoſe who took you to task about the *Engliſh* Gentleman, that you loved him for the Conveniency of talking to him, and underſtanding him; but

but that Reaſon has nothing in it. Your *Engliſhman* underſtands no more than what you ſay to him; whereas a *Frenchman* would underſtand a hundred things you did not ſay to him: He would read That in your Eyes which the other ſtays for from your Mouth. Beſides, I dare give you my Word you'd ſoon learn our Language; it is hard only to thoſe who are not in Love; but as ſoon as ever a Woman loves a *Frenchman*, the *French* Tongue grows eaſie. Strangers would have the leſs Eſteem for it, if they knew this; for which Reaſon we don't diſcover this Secret to every body. We make them uſe Grammars, and Methods which there is hardly any end to. But as for you, we would have done you the Favour to ſhew you a nearer way. Take my Advice, before 'tis too late, and learn a little *French* of me.

LET-

LETTER XX.

To Mademoiſelle *de L. M.*

Upon her being about quitting the Calviniſt Religion, and marrying a Roman *Catholick.*

I Hear, Madam, with the greateſt Pleaſure, that you are going to change your Religion. We look upon our poor miſ-led Brothers with a great deal of Pity; but I had a particular Compaſſion upon ſo pretty a miſ-led Siſter as you were. I was extremely grieved to think that your Soul, when it left your Body, would not find ſo lovely a Habitation as that which it left; but at length you deliver me from that Article of my Belief, and I really find my ſelf much more eaſie. I'll aſſure you the Flock from which you had ſtrayed will receive you very joyfully, and you'll ſoon come to be the favourite Sheep. I have been told, that after you have abjured your Hereſie, you will alſo abjure your Indifference, in Favour of the Marquis

quis of *C*----You do well to renounce all your Errors at once, and to embrace all wholeſome Opinions at the ſame time. After this you'll be quite a new Woman, a new Catholick, a new Wife, and you'll have a new Doctrine in your Mind, and new Sentiments in your Heart. See how much you'll be obliged to the Church: the very Inſtant you have acknowledged her your Mother, ſhe'll ſhew you by way of Experiment what the Sacrament of Marriage is, a Sacrament which you obſtinate Hereticks deny to be any Sacrament at all. She can't convince you of your Errors in a manner more delightful, and at the ſame time more cogent. You'll certainly own that you were very much in the wrong to deny Marriage the Dignity we give it, and that were it only for that one Article, 'twould be unpardonable to be a Calviniſt. I will not proceed any further in this Point of Controverſie; the Marquis is a better Theologiſt than I, and can give you fuller Inſtructions. After you have been under his Tuition, you'll be fit to hold a Diſpute in the *Sorbonne*. He has already performed a Maſter-piece of Skill in your Converſion; he has adjuſted the Intereſt of Religion to his own; he has ſecured to himſelf

ſelf the greateſt Pleaſure in poſſeſſing You, and even in the next World he is to be rewarded for that Pleaſure. He'll have a Recompenſe given him for having ſpent his Life in the Company of a very agreeable Woman. I impatiently long, Madam, to ſee the two Ceremonies which are to make you Ours and the Marquis's. I name the Marquis laſt, becauſe, with his Permiſſion, you'll belong to all Catholicks before you belong to him. 'Tis true, the laſt who is to have you, will have you more fully; for as for Us, we view you only as to your Soul, but he is not of Opinion that a Perſon conſiſts in Soul alone, and he'd think he loved you but by halves if he loved only that. I own I can't blame him; and, if it were lawful, there are ſome others who could love you in as perfect a manner as himſelf.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

To Madame de P * * * * *

Upon her refuſing to give Conſent, that her Daughter ſhould be married with one of her Relations.

YOU are very cruel, Madam, in refuſing to conſent to the Deſign of Mr. *S* —— upon your Daughter. You ſay you can't approve of a Marriage between two ſecond Couſins; but do you believe this is any Obſtacle to Love? What! would you have Mr. *S* —— think Mademoiſelle *P* —— leſs amiable, becauſe he is the Son of the Couſin-German of the Father of Mademoiſelle *P* —? This Argument you think extremely irreſiſtible; but is not Beauty much more irreſiſtible? Have People always their Genealogy before their Eyes? and when they ſee an engaging Beauty, muſt they conſider that Their Great-Grandfather was hers too? The Remembrance of a Great-Grandfather is quite forgot, when the Great-Grand-Daughter

Daughter is before us with all her Charms. What can you blame Mr. *S* —— for? He is only too good a Kinſman; inſtead of Friendſhip, he has a Love for her; he has made *à quid pro quo*; there's abundance of Harm in all this truly! If 'tis Devotion that makes you thus ſcrupulous, conſider all the People in the Old Teſtament loved only in their own Tribe; and that one thouſand ſix hundred and ſeventy five Years ſooner, Mr. *S* ——— had been obliged in Conſcience to love your Daughter. 'Tis true, things are alter'd ſince; but you are only deſired to give Permiſſion to ask the Conſent of *Rome* in this Buſineſs. You know Marriages between Relations are there licenſed, when their Eſtates are ſo confounded together that there's no parting them without great Law-Suits. I own Mr. *S* —— and Mademoiſelle *P*—— have not this Reaſon to alledge; but, which is full as good, they may ſay, the Affairs of their Hearts are ſo confounded together, that 'tis impoſſible ever to part them. If your Daughter were an Heireſs in whom the Name was extinct, and had ſhe all the Eſtate of the Family of *S*—you'd be very ſorry to ſee that Eſtate go out of the Family, and you'd try to get a Diſpenſation for her marrying

ing a Relation of another Branch; but now ſhe has Beauty and Charms, which are much more uncommon than Wealth, and which might go out of the Family never to come into it again. For my part, as I am related to you, though only on the Female ſide, yet I think my ſelf very much concerned in the Beauty of the Family of *P*----I beg you not to beautifie a ſtrange Family by giving Mademoiſelle *P*----to any but Mr. *S*----,nor perhaps ſpoil the Handſomeneſs of your own Family, by obliging Mr. *S*---- to make another Choice. Look how ugly all the Family of *L*---is; 'twill take them up above an Age to remedy it. Let us improve by this Example, and ſince we have Beauty among us, let us take care to keep it.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To Monſieur S****

Upon the Diſpenſation he had obtained to marry Mademoiſelle P——

'TIS with the greateſt Joy, my dear Couſin, that I hear you have obtained your Diſpenſation; it has only coſt a little ſpill of Money, with which you have repaired the Misfortune of being related to Mademoiſelle *P*----It has been declared, that ſhe may henceforth forbear to look upon you as a Kinſman, and uſe you as a Stranger. But what is uſing you as a Stranger? 'Tis being wholly yours, and refuſing you nothing. I did not care if I were a Stranger too upon that lay. You who are now no longer her Relation, will be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe unfortunate People who are ſtill ſo. Enjoy the Diſpenſation *Rome* has granted you; but remember what it binds you to do, and ſhew it is not in vain that the Capital of the World concerns it ſelf in your Affairs. A Permiſſion which comes ſo far ought to have

have mighty Effects here. But eſpecially endeavour to free Madame de *P*— from her Scruples to give you her Daughter, and perſwade her that ſhe can have no Son-in-Law, who will acquit his Conſcience ſo well in the Sacrament as you; for you muſt fetch your Arguments from Devotion, if you mean to affect her.

LETTER XXIII.

To Monſieur *C. D. L. R.*

Upon his being too ſerious a Lover.

DON'T enquire where I could learn all I am going to tell you; 'tis enough I have learnt it, and am able to give you ſome wholeſome Advice. You love and are beloved; but you have a ſort of Tenderneſs ſo likely to deſtroy the Affection which is borne you, that I can promiſe you, you will not be beloved two Months longer. You never loſe ſight of your Miſtreſs; you never leave her a Moment; if a Man comes to viſit her, you let him know he interrupts you; for whole Days that you

are

are with her, you never talk of any thing but Love, and talk of it too in a languiſhing and paſſionate Manner. Once again, if you are beloved two Months hence, I ſhall cry a Miracle! The Lady as yet has Strength to keep pace with you; but you'll ſoon have exhauſted it, and then you'll wonder what's the Matter that ſhe flags. Both Parties have only a certain Proportion of Tenderneſs, People ſhould husband it well; thoſe who don't know how to love are imprudently laviſh of it. They complain of Abſence, and think they do but their Duty when they complain of it; and yet Abſence, if it be not too long, is of the greateſt Uſe in the World to Lovers. It renews a Love which without it would decay, and if an Affection droops, it revives it. 'Twould own be carrying the Jeſt too far to procure Abſence on purpoſe; but when Chance procures it, we ought indeed outwardly to curſe and rail at it, tho' at the ſame time we are conſcious how much we are obliged to it. You are in the wrong in making uſe of the Liberty which is given you to ſee your lovely Miſtreſs every Moment, and to lay with her whole Days. What you gain by ſuch extraordinary Aſſiduity,

you'll lose upon the Duration of you
Correspondence. You will spend th
in a Day which might last you a who
Week. 'Tis another Fault of th
same Nature to talk to her of no
thing but Love. Whatever Pleasur
she may take in hearing you express yo
Sentiments, 'tis impossible but you m
very often run into Repetitions, and R
petitions have a certain Property to
tiresome. I durst lay a Wager the Lad
when you leave her, breathes with gre
ter Freedom, tho' even she her self do
not observe it. The Art of amoro
Conversations is not to let them be
ways amorous. You shou'd make litt
Digressions, after which the returning
the Subject of your Love, is the mo
agreeable. But what I can never f
give you for, is your being always up
the Whine. Remember, Women
sire not only to be beloved, but to
diverted too; and he who does the o
without doing the other, had as good
nothing at all; nay, I can't tell but t
had rather be diverted without being
loved, than be beloved without be
diverted. A Languishing Air has its
vantages, but when 'tis perpetual, 'ti
bad as a Lethargy. A Lover's Cond
should be serious and assiduous, but

Con

Converſation ſhould be ſometimes brisk and lively. The one perſwades, the other pleaſes; and 'tis generally better to pleaſe than to perſwade. A Gaiety of Humour has won a great many more Conqueſts than Fidelity. Nay I don't know but in time poor Fidelity may come to be reckoned a Fault. 'Tis certain That alone is not ſufficient: it ſhould be ſeaſon'd; and the Seaſoning will be no great Hardſhip to you; you need only be juſt as you was before you were in Love. You are guilty of having thrown your ſelf too far at once into that Paſſion, and when you were once a Lover, of being nothing elſe. You ſhould love and enjoy Life too. Farewel, my dear Count: I'll aſſure you you're very much obliged to me for my Advice; for if I conſulted my own Intereſt, I ſhould rather promote the Deſtruction of a Love which takes you from your Friends.

LETTER XXIV.

To the ſame. *Upon his being jealous of his Miſtreſs.*

I Have not yet done with you, my dear Count; I have more Advice to give you yet. I have lately heard that you ſtill continue to complain, and that you have a ſpice of Jealouſie in you. Don't believe I'll let theſe two things go unminded. You are certainly beloved, and that too with the greateſt Tenderneſs. What Grounds have you for your Complaints? My Delicacy, ſay you. 'Tis good to be delicate, but not to be wrangling. Complaints that ariſe from Delicacy are reviving, but thoſe of Chicanry tireſome. You are one of thoſe who never care to own their Happineſs to the Perſon who cauſes it, and who don't know what Name to give to thoſe Ladies whom they have no Reaſon to call Cruel and Inhuman. But have a care your Miſtreſs does not grow angry at the little Confidence you repoſe upon the Marks of Tenderneſs ſhe gives you, and take it ill that ſhe is not believed upon her bare Word, when ſhe tells

you

you ſhe loves you. A Lover ſhould always confeſs he is loved when he is loved; but if he muſt needs complain, he may reſerve ſome little Subject of Complaint from the Greatneſs or Smallneſs of the Love which is ſhewn him: And even theſe Reproaches he ſhou'd uſe with gentle Tranſports; and not with an Air of Diſpleaſure. A Man that is querulous makes but a ſilly Figure; he diſcovers thoſe Weakneſſes which he ſhould try to conceal from the Perſon whoſe Love he courts. The moſt inſufferable of all Complaints are thoſe which proceed from Jealouſie. Were I a Woman, all thoſe little Jealouſies which ſignifie nothing, would make me toſs a Man out of the Window. For my part, either I have ſo great a Value for thoſe whom I love, that I don't believe they are capable of dividing their Hearts and changing; or elſe I have ſo little a Value for them, that I don't care whether they change or no; and by conſequence, I am never jealous at all: I very well know, that abſolutely ſpeaking, ſhe I love may eſcape me; but we take a few certain Securities, and then ſleep in Peace. If indeed you are of Opinion that Love ſhould be a ſort of a Madneſs, and that two Perſons under a

Pretence of loving each other, ſhould be one another's perpetual Torment, and be like vindictive Furies haunting each other's Steps, then I have done. I own I had othergates Ideas: I thought Love might not have been incompatible with a little Quiet. Do not believe all your Uneaſineſſes will be taken for ſo many Tokens of your Affection: Love would have the Honour of them, if they came but ſeldom; but if they are frequent, they'll be aſcribed only to your natural Chagrin. There ſhould be a Medium in every thing, in Love it ſelf, tho' there is but little Reaſon in it.

LETTER XXV.

To the Marquis of *C******

An Account of his having deſerted his Miſtreſs.

DEAR Marquis, I muſt make you the Confident of my Misfortunes. You know I was once in Love with Madam *L—— M——*, and now I am not. She is everlaſtingly reproaching me about it; I hear nothing but perpetual Complaints:

plaints: Where are my Proteſtations of Conſtancy and Fidelity? What's become of my former Tenderneſs? This almoſt makes me mad; for indeed, is it my Fault that I don't love her any longer? Let her give me my Love again; I deſire no better. I ſhould be the happieſt Man in the World if I loved her ſtill. I abandon my ſelf wholly to her Charms; let them give my Heart the deepeſt Wounds, I ſhall rather promote than oppoſe it. What can I do more? I am ſtill as aſſiduous and reſpectful to her as I was before. But, ſays ſhe, you are not ſo with the ſame Air. This is the Miſchief on't. For my part, I don't know what's become of that ſame Air. She calls me ungrateful, tho' I think very improperly. What I do for her now is very troubleſome to me, and ſhe ought to think her ſelf obliged to me for it; whereas before, ſhe thought her ſelf obliged to me for what was no Trouble to me at all. There are few in the World know the true Value of things. I began to love her without knowing why, and I uſe the utmoſt Endeavours to begin to love her again, which I do only out of the great Eſteem I have for her. I often prepoſſeſs my Mind in favour of her Beauty before I go to ſee

I compare her to a thouſand and a thouſand Women who are not ſo handſome; I dwell upon the Agreeableneſs of all ſhe does; I ſee or imagine Wit in the leaſt things I hear her ſay; and at laſt, after having well prepared my Heart, I fancy I love her; I feel I know not what for a Moment, but the very next Moment I feel nothing. Why, my dear Marquis, do we love at all; or why do we not always love, or elſe why do we not both begin to love at the ſame time, that we might have done together? I am in ſuch a Paſſion with Love, that I could almoſt wiſh there was no ſuch thing in the World.

LETTER XXVI.

To the ſame. *Upon his Behaviour towards his Miſtreſs whom he loves no longer.*

AT length Madam *de L. M.* and I have ſettled upon a Form of Life; we have agreed not to think any more of each other as Lovers, but to live as Friends. I was mightily ſatisfied with this Treaty, yet I can aſſure you 'tis not ſo eaſily executed as I imagined; not that

that I have any Temptations to recommence the Character of a Lover; but the Part of a Man who has been a Lover, and means now to be only a Friend, is very hard to act. I don't know how to talk of News to a Woman to whom I have talked ſo much of Tenderneſs; our Converſations ſeem to me very irkſome if I do but in the leaſt call to mind the more pathetick Diſcourſe we have had together; and, what is worſt of all, I can't help calling them to mind. I could eaſily talk to another about the Weather; but when I would talk to Madam *de L. M.* about it, I am in the greateſt Perplexity. The very Sight of her Apartment recalls Ideas which make me think all I ſay ridiculous. I go to her Houſe out of a ſort of Duty, which puts a great Conſtraint upon me, tho' ſhe is very good Company. I enter into her Chamber as if I were dumbfounded, and this I retain of the Beginnings of my Love. I have the Seriouſneſs of a timorous Lover, who tho' full of Paſſion, dares not declare himſelf. Thus we generally finiſh where we begun, and old Men enter into a ſecond Infancy. The Lady, on the other hand, finds the greateſt Difficulty in living with me in the manner ſhe deſires. She

endeavours to uſe me like other Viſitors; but, without perceiving it, ſhe treats me more coldly, and ſpeaks to me ſeldomer. When ſhe does ſpeak to me 'tis eaſily ſeen ſhe does it with more Preparation, and what ſhe ſays to me is forced and unnatural. I find 'twould be eaſie for her, and more convenient too, to hate me than to love me thus by halves, and 'tis leſs hard to paſs from one Sentiment to another which is quite contrary, than to one that reſembles it. If any body had told me a Year ago, that I ſhould come to be afraid to be alone with Madam *de L. M.* I could never have believ'd him: Yet when I viſit her, and find but two or three Perſons with her, my greateſt Fear is leſt they ſhould riſe and leave us with each other. Good Heaven! What wou'd become of me? What ſhould I ſay? I have once undergone this Diſorder, and I ſwear it made me ſweat all over. My Spirits were ſeized with a kind of Palſie, which depriv'd me of the Uſe of my Senſes; my Eyes were dizzy, my Head turn'd, and I remained ſtupified, without being able to ſpeak a Word. I therefore generally take care to make my Viſits when ſhe has moſt Company, a Time which before I have ſo often curſt.

curſt. Would to Heaven Madam *de L. M.* may engage her ſelf in ſome new Paſſion, which may free her from the Remainder of Kindneſs ſhe has for me! I fancy if ſhe were compleatly faithleſs, I ſhould enjoy much more Freedom in her Preſence, and we ſhould the ſooner forget what is paſt. Nothing but Love can wholly efface the Traces of Love. I often ſee at her Houſe a very deſerving Gentleman, who thinks her extremely amiable; I ſhall be glad if he ſucceeds. What I moſt fear is, that my Example has done an Injury to the reſt of Mankind, and that I have render'd the Lady more hard of Belief as to their Fidelity. Yet I can ſcarce think one Paſſion exhauſts a Woman's Stock of Tenderneſs, or that ſhe is wiſe enough to be deceived by Love but once. To tell you the Truth, I ſhould be ſorry if ſhe had reaſon to accuſe me of its being my Fault that our Paſſion was not eternal, and I ſhould be very glad ſhe won'd give me reaſon to tell her, that ſhe too had a Heart inclined to other Affections; and that I only prevented her Inconſtancy; for my Conſcience is ſometimes uneaſie for having deſerted a very pretty Woman, and yet you know how Innocent I am, and how much I ſollicited my ſelf

to

to be faithful. Adieu, my dear Marquis; I'll inform you of it, if I am ſo happy as to have a Succeſſor. You are my Confident when I am out of Love, but when I am in it, no Mortal muſt expect to partake of thoſe Myſteries.

LETTER XXVII.

To the ſame. *Upon his having a Succeſſor in his Miſtreſs's Affections.*

MY Wiſhes are accompliſh'd; I have a Succeſſor. When I do not love I am as deſirous of not being loved, as I am of being beloved when I do. I'll aſſure you I long'd with equal Impatience both for the Tenderneſs and the Indifference of Madam *de L. M.* At length I have obtained them both, one after another; and I think I have got as much from one Lady as could poſſibly be had. I have no Notion of the Humour of thoſe People who can bear to love without being beloved, nor of thoſe who take delight in being beloved without loving again: Love is pleaſant at no time but when 'tis equally ſhared. But 'tis worth while to obſerve the Thoughts

Thoughts my Succeſſor has of me. Sometimes he hates me for my having been beforehand with him; ſometimes he deſpiſes me for my having, as he thinks, been unable to preſerve the Happineſs I enjoyed; ſometimes he inſults me, as if he had obtained from me a Preference I diſputed with him. He'd fain believe I was turn'd off; but he too plainly ſees I went off of my ſelf, and this highly enrages him. I dare lay a Wager he wiſhes I were his Rival, even tho' it coſt him half his Eſtate; for he can't endure the Coldneſs with which I behold his Addreſſes and Aſſiduity. On the other ſide, the Lady affects to ſhew me, that tho' I deſert her every body elſe does not, and I can't tell but even in the Complaiſance with which ſhe uſes her Lover, there may be ſome Mixture of Indignation againſt me, which ſhe would fain make me ſenſible of. My Preſence, for ought I know, may be of Service to my pretended Rival: 'Tis certain the Lady would fain have it believed ſhe makes a Choice of that Man to my diſadvantage; but it won't do; I am always ready to give up my Title to her. Yet I have ſo much good Humour in me, as to be ſorry I can't ſerve to heighten the *Goût* of Madam *de L. M*'s new Tenderneſs.

All

All I can do is to wiſh that her Paſſion may be leſs fervent than that ſhe had for me, and that my Succeſſor's Conſtancy may be better Proof againſt the Force of Time than mine was.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mademoiſelle T****

How much he deſired to fall in Love with a Flanderkin, *in order to be revenged upon her Infidelity.*

I Am every where informed, Madam, of the Progreſs my Rival makes; and I do all I can to be revenged on you. We have here a Lady very well ſhaped, young, handſome, all her Fault is that ſhe's a *Flanderkin*, and this Lady I wou'd fain fall in Love with. She has the moſt regular Features, the charmingſt Complexion, and the freſheſt Colour in the World; in ſhort, when I can catch a Moment that I am not thinking of you, ſhe ſeems to me the loveliеſt of Women; but the inſtant your Idea returns to my Mind, I can't tell what's become of thoſe Features, that Complexion, and that Freſh-

Freſhneſs. The Briskneſs of your Air, and your Gracefulneſs in all you do, quite ſpoil my Opinion of *Flanders*: I doubt I ſhall never be able to fall in Love in this Country. O that you would but make me ſome Amends for the loſs of my *Flanderkins*! But they are loſt, and no body ſupplies their room. I ſhould deſire none but you to ſupply the whole Nation; but if you are reſolved to love my Rival, if you have found a way never more to think of Me, pray teach me once never more to think of You. Either love me, or elſe let me love who I will in my Garriſon. Don't offer your ſelf thus continually to my Imagination, to deſtroy the Charms of this poor *Flanderkin*, whom I have a mind to love. Let her enjoy her own Beauty as it is, without having any Diſpute with yours. Muſt I never love any thing becauſe I have ſeen you? If indeed you'd love me again, 'twould be another caſe. What would you have me do here? Muſt my Thoughts run upon you, while yours run upon another at *Paris?* Where would be the Juſtice of that? A *Flanderkin* that would make me a Return, is to be prefer'd to you, who will make me none. If you provoke me, I'll think her handſome in ſpite of your Idea; and by dint of Obſtinacy,

ſtinacy, I'll force my ſelf to believe her amiable, even when I am thinking of you. Yet, Madam, I had rather not be conſtrain'd to uſe ſo much Violence upon my Nature, and I wiſh you'd go out of my Thoughts without all this Diſturbance.

LETTER XXIX.

To the ſame. *Upon her having talked of him in her Sleep.*

I Have had intelligence, Madam, of the Favour you have done me. 'Tis in vain to deny it: you love me: Sleep betrays your Secrets. This it is to try to conceal ones Paſſion, and keep it from the Knowledge of thoſe who cauſe it. Had you confeſs'd yours to me, I'll aſſure you, you ſhould have had no reaſon to blame me for want of Diſcretion; but you would not truſt it to any but your ſelf, and you your ſelf have reveal'd it. Learn by this, Madam, to repoſe leſs Confidence upon your own Secrecy. Tell me with a good Grace what otherwiſe Sleep will make you diſcover without your Knowledge. Had it not been better for you

you to have told me your Sentiments, than to talk of them at Night like a mad Woman? Love is not to be cheated; you owed him that Confeſſion, and make it you muſt at one time or other. If your Reaſon condemns you to Silence, your Reaſon will fall a-ſleep, but Love never ſleeps. The Severity of your Virtue may anſwer for the Day, but who'll anſwer for the Night? The Night belongs to Love: And, you ſee, that which had been kept ſecret ſo many Days, eſcaped from you in one Night. But may I be ſo bold as to ask in what Shape I appeared, to get you to make a Declaration in my Favour? The Time may come when I may be glad to take that Shape again. 'Tis very probable I was haughty and menacing; for I never yet got any thing of you by Reſpect and Submiſſion. Don't pretend that what you ſaid in the Night-time goes for nothing; 'twas you your ſelf that ſpoke then; in Day-time 'tis quite the contrary, Ceremony and Diſſimulation then ſpeak for you. For the future I ſhan't much mind how cruel you are in the Day-time; I ſhall believe you'll contradict it all at Night. Happy is the Man that can ſee you Ladies juſt as you really are!

LET-

LETTER XXX.

To the ſame. *Upon the ſame Subject.*

EVER ſince you talk'd of me in your Sleep, either Joy or Uneaſineſs has hinder'd me from taking a Wink. I am overjoyed to find my ſelf ſo near your Heart, but then I tremble to think what will become of the Secrets which in time will be between us. I am ſatisfied with your Reſervedneſs in the Day-time; but your Loquacity at Night alarms me; you'll diſcover all. What ſhall we do, Madam, to manage Matters more ſecurely? I know but one way. Be leſs reſerved a-days, and you'll be more reſerved a-nights: There is certainly a fixed number of tender Expreſſions which it is decreed you muſt uſe, and thoſe you utter in the Day will be deducted from thoſe you are to utter at Night. I have now no further Thoughts of being faithleſs to you; your nocturnal Favours have entirely bound me to your Service. They have quite diſcolour'd all the Complexions I ſee, dulled the Brightneſs of all Eyes,

Eyes, and ſpoilt all Shapes. I can find no Wit in any thing that's ſaid; how can the moſt ſtrenuous Endeavours at Wit equal what you have ſaid undeſignedly? Your Dreams have Entirely ruin'd the poor *Flanderkin*; they have done her an Injury which all her Endeavours can never repair. She I dare ſay ſleeps very quietly, and her Imagination, which in the Day-time is not much employed, is leſs ſo in the Night-time; now this is a Fault I could never pardon in the moſt beautiful Lady upon Earth. I wonder how any body can love a Woman that does not dream and talk in her Sleep. I ſhould refuſe *Venus* her ſelf if ſhe had not that Talent. Continue your Dreams, Madam; Love it ſelf is nothing elſe, but then 'tis the pleaſanteſt of all Dreams.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

To the ſame. *Upon her being to be marry'd.*

WHAT terrible News do I hear, Madam! You are going to marry my Rival. You ſay you'll let me ſee how vain I was in thinking you loved me, becauſe you talk'd of me in your Sleep. Alas! had not you better leave me in my Error? Conſider what Nights it will coſt you to repair that uneaſie one you have given me. The Fault and the Reparation are not of the ſame Nature. Talk in the Night-time of Mr. *De* —— if you will, I am reſolved to endure that; but don't lock your ſelf with him in a Chamber; that exceeds the gentle Dreams you granted me. Yet if this Misfortune does happen, I hope you your ſelf will be the Inſtrument of my Revenge, and talk of me in your Sleep in his hearing; but then I am afraid he'll be ſo malicious as not to let you ſleep at all, for fear he ſhould hear you talk of me. You ſee, Madam, what Diſturbance my Mind is in; I have both Hopes

Hopes and Fears, but I own the one are much more numerous than the other. Sometimes I comfort my ſelf by imagining my Rival has not loved you ſo much as I have. He ſaw that his Services have not come up to mine, that his Concern in every thing which regards you was leſs than mine; that, in a Word, in every thing which depended upon Sentiments I out-did him; and when my Tenderneſs had drove him to his laſt Shifts, he implores the Aſſiſtance of your Curate. Now really I did not think the Parſon had any thing to do in this Affair. This is far from being a gallant Proceeding; I can't tell what you think of it, you uſed to have a good Taſte in ſuch Things. They put the Church upon me; what have I to do with the Church! I ſhou'd never have got you commanded to love me; as a Duty: Neither, indeed, ſhould I have believed that two or three Words pronounced by a Prieſt could teach you what all my Sighs never could. My Rival now triumphs over me; but I long to ſee how the Means he has made uſe of to conquer you will ſucceed with him. He will indeed find you obedient, but very raw; the Sacrament of Marriage does not teach how to love, it only

ly orders you to ſuffer your ſelf to be loved. He muſt needs ſuſpect even your Obedience, and your Virtue will make him diſtruſt his having your Heart. Women of ſo much Senſe as you, are never natural and open; 'tis better to live with Fools, a Body knows their Thoughts. I wiſh he may be often troubled with this Scruple, and find that for all the Favours he receives from you, he is more obliged to the Parſon than to you. For my part; what Favours I have received from you have been always very ſmall, but then I may boaſt they have been unconſtrain'd: The moſt ſcrupulous Man in the World could not find that any of them were owing to Duty or Obligation.

LETTER XXXII.

To the ſame. *Upon his not being able to revenge himſelf upon her by loving the* Flanders *Lady.*

MY Misfortune, Madam, does not end in your being married; the worſt of all is, your Marriage has not been able to ſhake my Conſtancy. I have no

no other Inſtrument of Revenge here, but the handſome *Flanderkin*, and ſhe's an Inſtrument not very eaſily made uſe of. 'Tis not my Fault that I don't love her; I viſit her every Day for nothing elſe; I diſpoſe my ſelf to love as much as poſſible; but ſhe on her ſide does not at all forward my Deſign. I behold a large Figure, beautiful and well ſhaped, in which Nature is not at all oblig'd to Art, but ſo much the worſe for that. Her Eyes, which are large and black, can only look ſtedfaſtly upon ſome one Object; they have not thoſe artful Turns and Motions which either give a Deſire to pleaſe or a Satisfaction in having pleaſed. Her Mouth, which is the ſmalleſt, the rubyeſt and the beſt made upon Earth, can only laugh, but it never ſmiles; and what are thoſe immoderate and ſometimes ſtupid Fits of Laughter, in compariſon of the charming Reſervedneſs and ingenious Niceneſs of Smiles? If ſhe walks, 'tis only to go where ſhe wants to be, and not to give her ſelf freer Airs or more noble Graces. In ſhort, if ſhe's handſome ſhe may thank her Features for it; and if ſhe is not ugly, 'tis none of her Fault; but particularly, ſhe ſpeaks in ſuch a homeſpun Manner that I ſweat for her, and when I

ſee

ſee ſhe begins to open her Mouth, I either interrupt her, or elſe turn aſide my Head that I may not hear her. I know how tender the Love I bear her is, I mean how eaſily ſhock'd, and how hard to be kept up; and therefore I am wondrous careful of it; I never expoſe it to long Converſations, and much leſs to being alone with her, which would be a Danger it could never come off unhurt from; and yet my poor Love has much ado to ſubſiſt. I ſuppoſe you'll tell me I am much in the wrong not to doat upon this Lady, ſince I have always declar'd there was nothing ſo amiable as Nature. I don't know what to reply to this, except, that if this be Nature, I thought Nature had been a quite different Thing. I had form'd a falſe Idea of it, having never ſeen it. Ah! how cunningly you had concerted your Meaſures to betray me; both in the time of my Abſence, and when I was in a Place where it was hardly poſſible for me to revenge my ſelf! You were very cautious how you were faithleſs to me at *Paris*; there I could have had daily Opportunities of returning it.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

To Monſieur *****

pon one of their Friends who was going to marry a rich old Woman.

S our Friend Mad, to talk of marrying Madam ———? He pleads for his xcuſe that he is a Beggar, and ſhe orth Fifteen thouſand Livres clear *per n.* But is this ſufficient? there is not Feature about her, but what requires fteen thouſand Livres a Year to make ends for it. If we were to conſider auty only, ſhe is not worth a Farthing. t tell me, how did he do to cheat her? ſt he muſt reſolve to have an ill De- n upon her, and ſuch a Reſolution not I think be very eaſily taken; but er he had taken it, how did he ſuc- d in his Pretenſions? I have heard the rming Creature ſay ſhe did not deſire marry again; but if it was decreed t ſhe ſhould commit ſuch a Piece of ly, at leaſt ſhe'd take care to chuſe a sband who ſhould not have an Eye to Wealth only, but who ſhould have a

true Reſpect for her Perſon. This Wor
Reſpect was modeſt enough; but in th
Senſe the Lady meant it, it ſignifie
Love; and ſince ſhe has thought of ma
king a Diſtinction between her Perſo
and her Wealth, how was it poſſible fo
a Man to make her believe it was he
Perſon he aimed at, and not her Wealth
Does ſhe think her ſelf Miſtreſs of an
one good Quality that can outſhine Fif
teen thouſand Livres a Year? Does ſh
think That is only look'd upon as an At
tendant upon her other Perfections? I
there ne'er a Looking-glaſs in the World
This makes me half mad. Give me ſom
Reaſon for the Succeſs of ſo ſtrange
Cheat: As for our Friend, he muſt ne
ther be timorous nor baſhful. To te
ſuch a Woman that he loved her! Th
he ſhould think it the greateſt Happin
to paſs his Days with her! I don't thi
I could ever have had the Aſſurance
do it. For the Juſtification of my Pr
ceedings, and the Eaſe of my Conſcienc
I ſhould tell her it was her Rich
tempted me; but if ſhe would pleaſe
make me Maſter of them, I ſhould be
grateful as poſſible. I ſhould add, th
ſhe ought to chuſe me, becauſe I p
haps hinder'd ſome other from ab
ſing her by pretending he loved

for the Brightneſs of her Eyes. A Woman of Senſe ought to be more touch'd with ſuch an open and generous Proceeding as this, than with the Farce our Friend acted. You'll tell me ſome Women are very fooliſh; 'tis true, but I my ſelf am ſo far a Fool as not to be able to conceive how they can be ſo fooliſh as they are; and there are ſome People whom I could never chouſe, becauſe I ſhould go about to chouſe them too artfully. Give me Notice if the Lady was pretty hard to be perſuaded: if ſhe was, I ſhall never more look upon our Friend; for he muſt be the greateſt Trickſter in the World to perſuade her, if ſhe was at all ſcrupulous. I'll have no Correſpondence with ſo crafty a Fellow.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Mademoiſelle C*****

Sending her an Account when ſhe was Chriſten'd, taken from the Pariſh Books.

I May boaſt, Madam, that I make you a very conſiderable Preſent. I beſtow on you two Years. You thought you were

Two and twenty Years old, and here's a Writing in form, which proves you to be but Twenty; for I reckon I give you the Years I take from you, and in this Caſe we always reckon by that Rule. Two Years which you thought paſt and gone are yet to come; here I ſend them you untouched. I am very much afraid you won't ſufficiently conceive how valuable they are; but, juſt Heaven! if I could give as much to ſome Ladies I can name, what Reward might I not expect? What White and Red, what Silks and Jewels can compare with two Years? You ought in Juſtice, Madam, to make uſe of theſe two for me alone, ſince 'tis to me you owe them. When they are gone, you ſhall do what you pleaſe; I ſhall then have no further Demand upon your Life; but from hence to the Age of Twenty two Years, 'tis mine; when you are paſt that, I ſet you down where I took you up, ſaving to our ſelves a Liberty to re-engage our Perſons to each other, if we ſhall think fit. But if you are not inclined to do me Juſtice, know, Madam, I'll let no body love you as a Woman but twenty Years old; I'll tell every body that indeed you might have been no more if you had pleaſed, but that you refuſed to be two Years younger;

younger; and ſince you don't love me, you muſt count your ſelf two and twenty Years old. Perhaps you don't conſider what a riſque you run in truſting me with the Secret of your Age. And yet that is a Secret which the fair Sex inviolably keep; and I believe 'tis the only one they do. Many Women have diſcovered to me the Affairs of their Family, nay even their Amours, but not one ever diſcover'd her Age to me. I have known ſome ſo wiſe as to behave themſelves upon many Occaſions with great Firmneſs and Conſtancy; but I never knew any that could have the Courage to tell her Age. The Truth on't is, the more Years are over our Heads, the more we ſee of how much Importance it is to be younger. As for you, Madam, who have not been ſo cautious as to conceal your Age, the Time will come when you'll tremble for fear I ſhould be ſo indiſcreet as to blurt it out! Your Deſtiny will depend on me, and there'll be nothing I ſhall not be able to force you to, by putting to your Throat a Certificate of your Age, inſtead of a Dagger. I ſuppoſe you laugh now at my Threats, and think that Time ſo far diſtant, that I ſhall never live to it; I own I dye already for fear you ſhould be in the right.

LETTER XXXV.

To Monſieur ****

Asking him whether he ſhall fall in Love with a Lady who is mighty fond of Wit, and whether to obtain her Love he ſhould confirm her in this Folly.

I Muſt beg you to decide a Caſe of Conſcience which perplexes me very much; I have recourſe to you, as to a very wiſe and learned Doctor. I love, or if you will, I ſee a very pretty Woman, young, and who for her Perſon might eaſily inſpire a Man with Love. Her only Folly is Wit; ſhe muſt needs converſe with Perſons of Wit, ſhe muſt hold Correſpondences of Wit, every thing muſt be Wit. And yet if ſhe ever has any, it will be more owing to Art than to Nature. She has an uncommon Talent of thinking falſely, and of taking things quite otherwiſe than they're meant. A piece of Bombaſt throws her into Ecſtaſies; the moment any Body begins to ſpeak, ſhe opens a great pair of Eyes, impatient to find ſome Delicacy of Wit in

in every thing, tho' if it were to be found ſhe would not underſtand it. She thinks I am not altogether an Aſs, and ſo I meet with a kind Reception. The firſt Moment I ſaw her, I was touch'd with her Beauty, and I am perſwaded that by the Inſtrument of Wit I might obtain her Love. I need only flatter her on that Side: If I gave her but the leaſt Puſh ſhe would ſoon fall into the Net; but then if I ſet her Head a running upon Wit, ſhe's quite ſpoilt for ever. May I lawfully, in order to win her Love, make her ſo affected that ſhe'll be ſhunn'd by all the World? 'Tis the beſt natured Creature upon Earth; ſhe'd lay down her Life for her Friends; and if ſhe were cured of this one Whim, ſhe'd be the loveliеſt of Women. I know that the Moment I pronounce her to be a Wit, ſhe'll be in Love with me; but what diſturbs me is that 'twill turn her Head. You ſee my Sincerity; there's a certain Knavery allowed in Love, which I can never approve. What Joy would it be to me, if ſhe'd love me, without being a Wit! tho' I'm afraid ſhe never will but upon that Condition. Help me, Sir, out of the Trouble you ſee I am in, and ſend me a deciſive Anſwer as ſoon as poſſible.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the ſame. *Upon the ſame Subject.*

YOU have decided for Knavery, and I have endeavour'd to follow your Deciſion; but I don't think I ſhall ever be able to get beyond the firſt Attempts. The Lady believed me ſo blindly in what I ſaid about her pretended Wit, that it was impoſſible for me to go on with my Flattery. My Sincerity has been too much ſhock'd already; I had rather not have her Love me, than make ſo great a Fool of her: You ſay ſome other will be leſs tender-conſcienced than I am, and I had as good make Advantage of a Folly ſome Body will throw her into ſooner or later. But I'm of another Mind: I'll forewarn her that all who commend her as a Wit, deceive her; and adviſe her not to give Ear to ſuch Diſcourſe. As for your Part, you talk at your Eaſe; you can't conceive what a Plague 'tis to put a Trick upon one that makes no Reſiſtance. If ſhe'd be ſatisfy'd with being handſome, I ſhould almoſt run mad for her; but

but I ſhall e'en beg her to confine her Merit to Beauty. I ſhou'd never forgive my ſelf if I fill'd her Head with a Viſion ſhe'd never be able to get out of, and I'm ſure I ſhould not love her ſo long as her Viſion laſted. 'Twou'd be unfair to make her a Fool, and then leave her ſo. I did not care to ſuffer any Verſes to be made upon her by one of my Friends, who furniſhes me with all I have Occaſion for in my little Affairs; for I know how dangerons Verſes wou'd prove in her Diſeaſe. In ſhort, if ſhe knew the Obligations ſhe lyes under to me for all this, I believe ſhe'd be paſſionately in love with me. I am extreamly careful of what Senſe ſhe has left; I don't know how long it will ſtay with her, but I would not for the World diſorder it in the leaſt; 'tis a thing of too much Importance. Farewell; I dare ſay ſucceeding Generations will hardly know how to believe my Diſintereſtedneſs.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Madame de *L. S.*

Upon the Danger he and her Daughter were in upon the Water.

YOU'D have been very much amazed, Madam, and have entertain'd very great Suſpicions of your Daughter's Virtue, if you had ſeen the Condition ſhe and I were in Yeſterday. Theſe were our Poſtures: I had pull'd off my Coat, and was juſt going to ſtrip to my Shirt, whilſt Mademoiſelle *de L. S.* only ſtay'd 'till I had done ſo, that ſhe might embrace me and throw her ſelf upon me. This is the Fruit of the ſevere Education you have given her. But if you have a Mind to hear ſomething in her Juſtification, I muſt tell you we were croſſing the River at —— ; the Water was in very great Agitation, and ſo was your Daughter's Mind. When we were got into the Middle of the River ſhe cried out to be ſet on Shore again; as if that was not as far off and as dangerous as to go to the other Side: You know

know ſhe's never ſo handſome as when ſhe's ſomething moved, and ſhe was never ſo much moved as ſhe was then. One ſees nothing of her when one ſees her on Shore: Rough Water ſets off her Beauty much more advantageouſly. However, I try'd to encourage her and to diminiſh her Charms, by telling her that ſeveral Perſons, who were not to compare to her, had been taken up by *Tritons* and *Naides*, when they were fallen into the Water. But Fear had ſo diſordered her Mind that ſhe did not believe a Word of what I ſaid; ſhe rely'd more upon me than ſhe did upon the *Naiades* and *Tritons*, and begg'd me to make ready to ſave her by ſwimming. Upon this I half undreſs'd me, and I'm very ſorry I did not bid her undreſs too, that ſhe might have been leſs heavy in the Water; I am ſure ſhe'd have done it: I can't tell whether or no ſhe was afraid I ſhou'd give her the ſlip and jump into the Water without her, but ſhe held me ſo faſt ſhe would not let me ſtir one way or the other. As I found ſhe was in my Power, I took hold of the Opportunity, and made her ſwear that if ſhe eſcaped ſhe would love me, and come to my Houſe in Pilgrimage with your Siſter, who was there too, but not ſo much afraid. They promiſed

miſed any thing. Upon this comes a Wave ſo large and furious that it might have been worth me ſomething more than what I had obtained already, and certainly I might have gone a great way with the help of a Leap the Boat gave; but I conſider'd that if ſhe promiſed me too much, ſhe'd think ſhe might juſtly break her whole Promiſe, and therefore I was ſo generous, or ſo politick, which you will, to be reaſonable in my Demands. I'll aſſure you, Madam, I was very glad of this little Tempeſt; there was not a Blaſt of Wind, but what did me more good than a thouſand of my Sighs. All our *Celadons* know no further Uſe for Rivers than to throw themſelves into them in Deſpair; but I have found them good for ſomething elſe, and I am mighty proud that I have rectify'd the ill Uſe Lovers have put them to. I humbly beg you, Madam, to ſee to the Execution of the Vows your Daughter has made. I'm afraid now ſhe's ſafe upon dry Ground, we muſt be forced to rub up her Memory about the River and me.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the ſame. *A Relation of a Pilgrimage her Daughter made to his Houſe.*

I Was afraid, Madam, I ſhould have been the Saint the *Italian* Proverb ſpeaks of, *paſſato il pericolo, gabbato il ſanto*, when the Danger's over the Saint's forgot; but I have not been defrauded of all my Due: Your Siſter and your Daughter came in Prilgrimage to me Yeſterday. As they did an Act of Duty, I did not care to let it be attended with too many Pleaſures, for fear they ſhould loſe the Merit of what they did. The two Pilgrims, who thought nothing of this, but expected to be receiv'd magnificently, were very much ſurprized to find a little Repaſt of Fiſh, tho' 'twas no Faſt-Day. My Deſign was that every Thing ſhould put them in Mind of the Danger they had 'ſcap'd: Nothing was brought to Table but Fiſhes caught in that very River which had put them into ſuch a Fright, and thoſe too were Pikes and Trouts ſo large as to make them own themſelves very happy in not having

having been devoured by thoſe Creatures. Upon their raiſing a Doubt whether the leaſt Fiſh there had been one of thoſe which impatiently waited for them at the Bottom of the Water, I call'd in four Fiſhermen who atteſted it, and the Fiſhermen immediately fell to dancing to ſome Violins which were out of Sight, but for Country Fidlers they did not play ill. The Ladies thought the Fiſher-Dance polite enough to join in it and we form'd a little Ruſtic-Ball. I don't know how the Night came, the Pilgrims perhaps were aware of it, but come it did. Your Siſter could not be prevailed upon to lye at my Houſe, but your Daughter ſoon conſented to do it; perhaps ſhe did not conſider the Danger of it, or elſe ſhe is not afraid of Dangers on Land. Her Reſolution was agreed to; the Ladies ſtay'd, and made another Vow, (tho' this was made with much leſs Fear than t'other) that if their Reputation receiv'd no Blemiſh from their lying all Night at a Man's Houſe, they would recommence their Pilgrimage. It now remains that your Daughter fulfill the other part of the Vow ſhe made upon the Water. She ſays ſhe does fulfil it, and that ſhe does love me, but ſhe gives me no Proof of her Love. I think People ſhould prove what they advance. Are young Women

to

to be believed in ſuch Caſes upon their bare Word? The more lovely they are the leſs haſtily are they to be credited.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Madam D. V.

Sending her a Black-a-moor and a Monkey.

AFRICA, Madam, exhauſts her ſelf for your ſake, and ſends you the two moſt ugly Animals it ever produced; my Preſent wou'd be quite compleat if I gave you a Crocodile too. You have now the moſt ſtupid Black-a-moor that ever was, and the moſt miſchievous Monkey in the World. I'll aſſure you one of theſe Beaſts has a mighty Reſpect for the other, and admires all his Strokes of Wit. You'll ſoon gueſs that the Admirer is the Black-a-moor. Beſides that all his Country-men firmly believe a Monkey has as much Senſe as any of themſelves, but conceal it as much as poſſible by never ſpeaking, for fear they ſhould be made to work; this Black-a-moor has conceived a particular Eſteem for the Monkey, thro' the long Acquaintance he has had with him, and he has no more Senſe than what

what he has acquired in his Company. I am heartily glad that you are now to have continually before your Eyes a Slave to repreſent me. He is no more your own than I am yours. If he ſometimes ſtands in need of a few Baſtinadoes to put him in Mind of his Duty, I too ſometimes chance to ſerve you unwillingly and am tempted to rebel. As for the Monkey, don't at all wonder if you hear him Sigh; if you ſee him paſs the Nights without a Wink of Sleep; if he cannot be at Eaſe when you are abſent; if he eats but little; if he takes delight in Nothing: All theſe things he muſt needs have learnt by ſeeing them in me.

LETTER XL.

To the ſame. *Upon the Death of the Monkey.*

THE Monkey is dead, Madam; I am a conſiderable Loſer by his Death; there now remains none but the Black-a-moor that can put you in Mind of me. 'Tis very probable the poor Creature grew melancholly, becauſe he could not imitate me exactly enough to you; he

he might have mimick'd any think better than my Tenderneſs: May all the Rivals you have raiſed me and that would ape my Love, meet with the ſame Fate, and die with Vexation and Envy! Perhaps becauſe he imitated my Paſſion he drew your Cruelty upon himſelf, and dy'd of Deſpair. In this Caſe, 'twould be my Duty to imitate him and die too. I hear you weep for him; 'tis a little too late now to repent of the ill Uſage you have given him, but pray let this make you wiſer, and don't force me to die, if when I'm dead 'tis likely to coſt you ſo many Tears. 'Tis probable if you grieve ſo much for this Creature which only imitated me, you'll grieve for me much more. I'm an Original of Affection which you'll find it hard to recover; there'll be none left but ſcurvy Copies. Don't make the Black-a-moor deſpair too becauſe he is my Repreſentative; 'twould be a diſmal thing if he too ſhould have the Fate of the Monkey for that Reaſon. Muſt you needs wreak your Fury upon every thing that is ſo unfortunate as to bear any Relation to my Fidelity and Love to you? The Death of the Monkey makes Me ſhed Tears with a much better Colour than You.

You. His Miſchance ſhews me what I am to expect. Adieu, Madam; conſider you can never revive the Monkey, but you may preſerve Me.

LETTER XLI.

To Mr. * * * *

Sending him ſome Quinquina *(or Jeſuits Powder.)*

I Send you the *Engliſh* Med'cin; no Ague now dares reſiſt it, and if it does not Cure you, I muſt tell you you are quite out of Faſhion. I know no Man of Honour who, if he had taken *Quinquina*, and found no good by it, would be ſo bold as to own it. Yet if your Ague is, as I have lately heard, of a particular Nature, I can't well tell whether 'twill drive it away or no. 'Tis reported, it proceeds from the Sorrow you conceived at Madam ----'s proving falſe to you. Are you turn'd Fool? Where were you taught that a Man muſt fall ſick, becauſe a Woman deſerts him? Is this a Doctrine of the preſent Age?

Age? You ſhould have lived three or four thouſand Years ago, with your Talents of Fidelity and Conſtancy. I dare ſwear, if *Quinquina* would cure only thoſe Agues which are cauſed by Love, the *Engliſh* Doctor, who gets what he pleaſes here, would not be worth a Farthing. But, however, ſince you will needs be an extraordinary Patient, you muſt be cured accordingly. I am to give you Notice of a Preparation you muſt make before you take your Med'cin. 'Twill do you no good unleſs it be preceded by ſome ſerious and weighty Reflections upon the Character of moſt Women, and of Love it ſelf. You expect your Miſtreſs ſhould be faithful; you'd be perhaps in the right, if ſhe had never loved any but You, and if You had never loved any but Her; but ſhe has already had Paſſions which are over, and in ſpite of ſo convincing an Argument, do you imagine that the Paſſion You inſpire her with will never end? And pray what Right have you to expect this more than any Body elſe? Beſides, if you have been in Love before, you muſt needs know 'tis natural to love more times than one; and why ſhould you think the Lady was come to her laſt Time? You have but one juſt Cauſe to complain of her, and

that

that is, her having been beforehand with you; for in Matter of Love, there's a great Advantage in giving over the firſt. But you muſt forgive her laying hold of that Advantage; another time you'll catch it from ſomebody elſe. You'll take Care not to be ſurprized by too ſudden a Piece of Infidelity. Woe be to the firſt Woman you fall in love with. But 'tis not the Intention of Love, that Attachements ſhould laſt ſo long; he exhauſts all that's brisk in every Heart, and then to renew that Briskneſs he changes the Objects. We ſhould only reckon the Beginnings of a Paſſion pleaſant, and then you know we ſhould be in a miſerable Condition if we could begin but once in our whole Life. Take theſe Thoughts with your *Quinquina*, and I hope you'll recover. When you are ſomething better, we ſhall preſcribe you ſome new Tie of Affection, to finiſh your Cure.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

To Madam * * * *

A Letter of Recommendation for one of his Friends who was going to the Town where ſhe lived, to follow a Law-Suit.

MR.--- deſired me, Madam, to give him a Letter of Recommendation to you. I don't know whether he does not preſume too much upon my Credit, but however I'm reſolved for his ſake to expoſe my ſelf to your Refuſal; by this you may judge how much I make his Intereſt my own. He'd have me beg you to aſſiſt him a little in his Affairs; but I ſhall only beg you not to hinder them, for I'm afraid he'll forget them quite when once he has ſeen you. He wants Acceſs to you, and I conjure you to be ſo kind as to drive him out of your Houſe, and make him go to his Counſellor and his Judge. I do not recommend to you his Suit, but his Freedom; if once he loſes the one, he'll ſoon loſe the other. I muſt particularly intreat you,

you, Madam, never to ſmile in his Preſence; I am very well acquainted with his Heart and your Smiles, and I know he'll never be able to reſiſt them. Good now let him mind his Buſineſs, he does not come to --- to love You. Don't diſcourſe with him with that gay raillying Air you are ſo perfect a Miſtreſs of, he will anſwer it only too well; but talk to him about the Importance of a great Law-Suit, the Characters of Judges, the Vigilance that muſt be uſed, in ſhort, about Things ſolid and not dangerous. I know that when I beg you not to make him love you, I ask ſomething more difficult, than if I begg'd you to ſollicit the whole Bench in his Favour; you could without much Trouble be a very good Friend, but you cannot ſo eaſily appear leſs amiable than you naturally are. But then, how will my Vanity be ſooth'd, if you grant Favours which will coſt you ſo much Pains!

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

To Monſieur *d'A******

How he muſt behave himſelf in the Town where he is going to follow a Law-Suit.

SInce you intend to paſs ſome time at--- you do well in asking my Advice about your Conduct; I know the Town, and can give you ſome tolerable good Counſel. I'll firſt endeavour to make you Deſcription of things in ſuch a manner, as you may be able, with the help of my Letter, to be acquainted with every thing at firſt ſight. The Town is ſmall, and your Merit is great; yet I very much doubt your Merit will not be eſteemed throughout the whole Town. 'Tis divided into two Parties, who for their Animoſity are ſomething like the *Guelphs* and the *Gibellines*. The one of theſe Cabals hiſſes what the other adores. I fancy they'll ſoon diſtinguiſh themſelves by Liveries and Coats of Arms. The Source of all this Hatred was a Suit of Cloaths Madam *du T*—— had taken a great deal of Pains

Pains in inventing. Madam *de S*— broke ſeveral Jeſts upon it; and they carried Matters to ſuch a height, as to make all their Friends declare themſelves on one ſide or t'other, and not one was ſuffer'd to remain Neuter. The two Ladies are at the Head of the two Parties. If there's an Entertainment at one of their Houſes, 'tis preſently criticiſed at t'other; no Wit will paſs with the one, unleſs it be turned to the Ridicule of the other. The Moment you come into the Town, the two Parties will ſpare no pains to ſecure you each to its ſelf; for there's a great deal of Weight in a Stranger who determines for one of them, and eſpecially in a Man of *Paris*; they think he repreſents the Taſte of all *Paris* in general. When I ſay *they think this*, I mean they think it in the conquering Faction; for in the other they think no ſuch thing: On the contrary, they aver he's a Fellow that knows nothing of the *Beau Monde*, and that tho' he is of *Paris*, there are as many ignorant People there as any where elſe. Thus you may depend upon it, at firſt you'll be extremely courted; but if you make choice of one of the two Parties, the other will have a ſtrict Examination

of

of you in all Parts, and even in the Nobility of your Birth, which, if it passes there, will pass at *Maltha* it self. There won't be an Action of your Life but they'll trump up; they'll write to every Place that ever you were in for an account of your Words and Deeds. The best thing you can do will be to keep your self in a Neutrality, and to give each Faction hopes you will side with them: Tho' I must confess 'twill be very difficult to manage your self thus; and there are few Politicians that would be able to do it. But if you must unavoidably declare for one, I'll give you the Picture of the Heads of the Party, that you may be the better able to come to a Determination. Beauty is not the Point in dispute between either of the Ladies; the Contest is relating to Wit, Gaiety, and chiefly Dress. For an account of their Dress the best Persons you can apply to are their Mercers, who get by the noble Emulation which spurs them on to out-do each other in that Particular. As for Wit, Madam *du T*—— is Brisk and Noisie, and Madam *de S*—— Sedate and Slow. They know their several Advantages, and how to make use of them; the one by continually and

ſometimes juſtly ridiculing the other; and t'other by an affected Contempt, which makes uſe of only few Words, but thoſe very cutting. They who value themſelves upon Wit join with the former, and the latter is back'd by ſuch as ſet up for People of Senſe. If you'd make one of a Gang often very confuſed, but very merry, go to Madam *du T*——. If you would viſit more ſerious Perſons, and hold more regular Converſations, tho' they are generally ſtarched and affected, go to Madam *de S*——; but before you declare for either, beſure to prepare a ſtock of Satyr againſt the other Party. I believe I can gueſs which Side you'll take; the noiſie Gang is beſt for a little while, and the Grave Faction for an Acquaintance that is to continue for ſome time. Farewell; let me know, as ſoon as you can, how you conduct your ſelf.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

To Monſieur *de O******

Upon his having a mind to marry againſt the Conſent of his Father, who threaten'd to diſinherit him.

YOU perplex me very much, dear Couſin, when you ask me Advice in your Affairs. On one hand you're very much in Love, and on the other your Father threatens to diſinherit you if you marry the Lady you are in Love with. I don't know what to ſay in this Caſe. You have but two things in your Choice; either to act the Heroe and prefer the Fair to all other Conſiderations; or to act the Cit, and not loſe fifteen thouſand Livres *per Ann.* for the ſake of a Miſtreſs. You muſt conſult your own Breaſt. You are certainly more inclined to act the Heroe; but the Difficulty does not lie in being one now, but in being one always. I ſhould adviſe you to hearken to your Greatneſs of Soul, if you were ſure it would never abandon

you; but you muſt not rely upon that; 'tis ten to one it takes its leave of you the moment the Buſineſs is done. In a word, a Man ſoon grows weary of being a Heroe, but never of being Rich. You never knew any Body inconſtant to an Eſtate, tho' you have often known them ſo to a fine Woman. I don't doubt you'll think theſe Arguments very unworthy a Man of Honour, and your Love-Metaphyſics will contradict 'em all; but I'm very ſorry the Experience I have of the World does not permit me to retain Ideas which I ſhould think much more noble and delicate, as well as you. 'Tis not my Fault if I don't believe Love ſufficient to make any one happy: I ſhould be glad to believe it; but why has *Cupid* ſo openly deceived a Multitude of People, to whom he had promiſed that he alone would enable them to endure any thing? And if Love when free deceives, much more will he do ſo when he comes to be Domeſtic. Perhaps you imagine you ſhall receive the greateſt Complaiſance and Kindneſs from the Perſon you marry becauſe ſhe'll be ſo much obliged to a Man that Sacrifices all his Fortune to her; but take heed leſt this very thing is what ſpoils your Marriage. It may eaſily happen that ſhe

ſhe will not anſwer the Idea you have conceived of the Obligation ſhe lies under to you. I ſhould not care to have a Wife whom I might upbraid as you may yours. I think 'twou'd be a Miſfortune to have more Cauſes of Complaint than Marriage naturally gives. A Wife is already but too much obliged to her Husband; and why would you have one yet more obliged to you? Conſider, by this means ſhe'll be more married to you than another wou'd be, and conſequently make you leſs happy. You can't conceive how uneaſie you'll be, not to dare even to complain of her. In order to keep up to the Part you have begun with Honour, you muſt always ſeem charm'd with her Behaviour towards you, tho' at the ſame time it gives you the greateſt Diſturbance. For my part, I own I wou'd not deprive my ſelf of the Liberty to ſcold at my Wife, when I had a mind to't. Reflect, dear Couſin, upon what I have ſaid; but before you come to a fixt Reſolution, abſtain from the reading of Romances. I have not preached you a Sermon, like a Father or a croſs-grain'd Uncle; I'm not ſo Sage as to pretend to talk in that Tone: Yet I believe I have ſaid almoſt the ſame things as you'd have heard from People

either more Sage or more ill-natured than my ſelf.

LETTER XLV.

To the ſame. *How he ſhould diſcover the real Sentiments the Perſon he deſigned to marry had for him.*

YOU write to me in the true Style of a Lover. According to the Deſcription you give me of your Miſtreſs, *Venus* would be very happy if ſhe were like her; but what you dwell moſt upon is, what to me would be moſt ſuſpicious, I mean her Wit. If ſhe had leſs of that than you ſay ſhe has, I ſhould think your Paſſion more excuſable; but I'm very much afraid a Perſon of her Wit will too well know the Advantage ſhe may make of your Love of her, and extend her Intereſts too far. At the worſt you are rich in Compariſon of her, who has nothing; and this Conſideration is enough to gain the Heart of a Woman of Senſe. You ſhould endeavour to find out her real Sentiments. Does ſhe govern you? Does ſhe aſſume a Power over you? Does ſhe make uſe of that Power

Power to perſuade you to Marriage, and to confirm you in the generous Deſign of being diſinherited? I know I am a Fool for asking you all theſe Queſtions. A Woman can lead a Man, ſo deeply in Love as you are, to what ſhe pleaſes, without his perceiving it. But could not you for a few Moments take your Eyes off from your Paſſion, and ſeriouſly examine your Miſtreſs's Proceedings? Don't be charm'd with her ſaying that ſhe is very unhappy in making a Breach between your Father and you; that ſhe does not deſerve the Sacrifice you offer to make her of a conſiderable Eſtate; that you had better break off your Acquaintance with her, and ſee her no more: This is nothing but Talk, and even tho' it were back't by a few Tears, there'd be nothing in it. But take Notice whether when ſhe repreſents to you the Inconvenience of loſing Fifteen thouſand Livres *per Annum* for her Sake, ſhe does not avoid probing that Wound too deep; whether ſhe does not only touch ſlightly upon it; whether at the ſame time that ſhe adviſes you to give Ear to your Intereſt and Welfare, ſhe does not cunningly inſinuate Arguments to the contrary; whether ſhe does not eaſily yield to your deſiring her not to ſpeak upon

that Subject: To conclude, whether she is not generous only to appear so, and does not seek to have the Honour of it without running the Danger. She is in so nice a Situation, that she cannot bestow any Commendations upon Greatness of Soul, without giving an almost plain Proof that she deceives you; and every time she encourages you in general Terms to a sincere disinterested Passion, she discovers that her own is not so. She does not love you, unless she zealously endeavours to banish you her Presence, and in my Opinion she can give no Token more visible of her Want of Tenderness, than by marrying you. I can't help pitying you, in being forced to take all these Precautions against the Person you love; but were Love the only thing in Dispute, Delicacy alone wou'd make you have a strict Eye upon the Behaviour you find in your Mistress; and when your Fortune too is concerned, 'tis a very good Reason to induce you to be much more delicate.

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LETTER XLVI.

To the ſame. *To comfort him for the Obſtacles his Father laid in the way of his Marriage.*

YOU complain of the Perſecution of your Father, who by the Perplexities he involves you in, makes you unable to marry this great while yet: But for my part, dear Couſin, I think you are very much obliged to him; he aſſiſts both your Love and your Reaſon. Theſe Obſtacles will make you love more paſſionately, and be more tenderly beloved, and perhaps in proceſs of Time you'll come to have more Senſe. Either your Paſſion will be ſtronger fortified, or your Reaſon will have time to revive. Either you'll marry with more Joy and Tranſport, or you won't marry at all: Come what will, your Father has done you a good Office. If you were to marry, you ought to reſerve till as late as poſſible the Pleaſures of Marriage, which will never fail you, and to keep thoſe you at preſent enjoy, for you will never be able to recover them. As the Sacra-

ment of Marriage ends all, one ſhould if poſſible place it towards the end of our Life. I don't know how you may like my Wiſh; I know if I were to ask your Advice, I ſhould immediately wiſh you may be always beloved with a great deal of Tenderneſs; but I think if you met with Infidelity 'twould be better for you. It would diſengage you from your Love with Honour. You would in the Sight of the Ladies have the Merit of having deſpiſed a Noble Eſtate for their bright Eyes, and you would have the real Profit of keeping it. If your Miſtreſs loves you, I wiſh her Love may diminiſh by little and little, as it is decreed all Paſſions ſhall; and that the Alteration you perceive in her may cure you: But if ſhe does not love you, and only feigns the Lover, ſhe'll have Cunning enough to feign it always. Thus have a care you are not deceived by a Conſtancy which you'll have Grounds to ſuſpect if it goes too far. Adieu, my dear Couſin. You are in a very nice Criſis, but I'm afraid you are not ſufficiently ſenſible of it. One would think your Deſtiny had on purpoſe placed you in ſo perplexing a ſtate. You are neither poor enough nor rich enough. If you were poorer, you'd have

have no Cauſe of Suſpicion as to Love, you'd be ſure you were loved for your Perſon only; and if you were richer, you'd have no need to heſitate in the leaſt for the ſake of your Fortune.

LETTER XLVII.

To Madam *d'O*****

To compliment her upon her Marriage.

I Own, Madam, before your Marriage, I try'd all ways to ſhake the Fidelity of Mr. *d'O* ———; but pray conſider, that in order to be able to ſpeak againſt you, I had the Wit to keep from you, and not come into the Place where you was. I heard every body ſay that this Precaution was abſolutely neceſſary to one who would be your Enemy. The common Report was, that there was no Compariſon between you and fifteen thouſand Livres *per Annum*; but as I had never ſeen you, I had a Right not to believe ſuch a Report; for you your ſelf will confeſs that there are very few whoſe Merit is to be preferred to ſuch an Eſtate. I'm glad I have written I don't

don't know how many Letters to your Husband, in all which I try'd with my utmoſt Skill to ſet him againſt you. Had I not done ſo, I don't think his Paſſion would be able to hold out againſt Marriage; but now I know its Character, and am ſure the ſolid Eſteem upon which it is founded will endure for ever. You ſee how good a Kinſman I am, Madam; I think I have ſhewn my ſelf an extraordinary one, in declaring againſt ſo charming a Perſon as you are; what ſhould I do if that ſame Zeal had now an Opportunity of acting for you. I can't conceal one Fear I am terrified with, and which perhaps proceeds from a guilty Conſcience, which upbraids me with what I have done. I'm afraid when I ſee you you'll take it in your Head to ſhew me to my Coſt, that my Couſin's Affection for you was very reaſonable. Dear Madam, don't be revengeful. Let's be at Peace; I ſhan't venture to come near you till you have promis'd me to be neither too handſome nor too witty.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Mademoiſelle *de N****

Upon her preparing to take a Journey to Paris, where ſhe had never been before.

YOU are coming to *Paris*, then, Madam? I am very glad to hear it; 'twould be a great pity for the two moſt charming Things in the World to have no Acquaintance with each other. I'll aſſure you you'll raiſe up a reciprocal Admiration in one another. Perhaps you may think to conceal your being a Country-Lady, becauſe you have neither the Accent, nor the Air, nor the Behaviour of the Country; but I give you Warning, I have told every Body you never were at *Paris*. I'm of the ſame Province you are of; I love my Country, and won't ſuffer you to defraud it of the Honour of having given you Birth, and educated you ſo well as it has done. I long for your Coming, with a great deal of Impatience, that you may confound ſome *Paris* Ladies, who believe that tho' there may be Beauty out of *Paris*, at leaſt there

there are no polite Accompliſhments. I don't think when they have once ſeen you they'll venture to expoſe their Lovers to the Eyes of ſuch a Ruraliſt as you are. But, Madam, don't imagine you may preſerve your Tranquility and Coldneſs here. People come into *Paris* untouch'd, but they don't go out of it ſo. You need only tell us what ſort of Merit it muſt be that muſt gain your Heart, and we'll find it ſomewhere or other; and if you don't care to loſe ſo much Time as to wait for a Lover, ſend me a Liſt of the Perfections you expect in him, and at your Arrival you ſhall find a Gentleman to your Wiſh, who ſhall offer you his Service.

LETTER XLIX.

To Madam *de N*****

Upon her Daughter's Arrival at Paris.

I Swear, Madam, if I did not know for certain that your Daughter had never been at *Paris*, I ſhould think ſhe had paſt her whole Life there. She ſeems to be angry at our having told her that here

here were a great many Subjects of Surprize and Admiration; ſhe beholds every thing with a Sort of Haughtineſs and Diſdain which charms me: For this Sentiment is extreamly amiable in a young Lady who knows her own Beauty, and does not think any thing deſerves her Wonder. 'Tis becauſe *Paris* was too much cry'd up to her that ſhe looks upon it with this Indifference; but *Paris* does not uſe her in the ſame Manner; tho' I had extoll'd her very much, ſhe is thought very well accompliſhed. I ſhould not have ventured to have talk'd of any beſides her ſelf with ſo many Elogiums, as well for my own Sake, as for the Perſons whom I commended; but I knew Madamoiſelle *de N*---- was ſo ſure of pleaſing every Body that what I ſaid in her Praiſe before ſhe came, would not do her the leaſt Harm. All I fear is that ſhe'll enrage the Women, by getting their Lovers from them without thinking any thing of the Matter; I have already advis'd her to be cautious, and not make Conqueſts hand over-head of all ſhe ſaw. I wiſh, to avoid this Inconveniency, ſhe had choſen ſome one upon whom to dart the whole Power of her Beauty; but I don't know whether the Advice you gave her at her Departure

ture is contrary to mine, ſhe has not yet made Choice of any Lover, no not even for the Pleaſure of tormenting him.

LETTER L.

To the ſame. *An Account of an extraordinary Maſquerade, in which he and Mademoiſelle* de N— *were concerned.*

'TIS chiefly, Madam, to Mademoiſelle *de N*----that we are oblig'd for the greateſt Pleaſure we have had this Carnaval. You will be of my Opinion when I have given you an Account of what paſſed on *Shrove-Tueſday*. We had agreed upon a very pretty Maſquerade. Our Deſign was to act the *Amadiſſes*, and your Daughter had got Leave of her Aunt to Maſquerade with us. We took a real Pleaſure in the ſole Idea of being dreſs'd like thoſe old Fools who ran from Poſt to Pillar to redreſs Wrongs, and like thoſe ſcrupulous Damſels, who mounted behind them and follow'd 'em in their Adventures. We conſulted all the old Tapeſtry-Makers, that we might diſguiſe our ſelves in the true Dreſs of that Age, and for ten or twelve Days

Days we talked of nothing elſe. This Day one adjuſted the Figure of an Helmet, the next another reformed a Farthingale. We were never more diverted than we were with the Pains we took in making our Romantick Equipage. At length *Shrove-Tueſday* came, the ſo much deſired Day of our Maſquerade. We met in the Evening at the Houſe of Madam *de*---- to dreſs our ſelves. I arm'd my ſelf like a *Paladine*, together with Meſſieurs---- who were alſo to be Knights Errant. Mademoiſelle *de N*----never looked ſo charming as when ſhe was dreſs'd like *Oriana*. Really ſhe's a Beauty of all Ages; ſhe was beautiful in her Great-Great-Grandmother's Rigging. We were juſt ready to ſet out, with Hearts full of Joy, to beat up all the Balls in the City; we promiſed our ſelves a thouſand Pleaſures that Night; when Mademoiſelle *de N*---- ſaid to us with an Air of Gaiety I would endeavour to expreſs, if you were not already acquainted with it; *I know you'll think me a Fool, and perhaps too I am one; but yet if you'd for once take a Fool's Advice, you'd all undreſs your ſelves, and inſtead of going to a Ball, go to Bed. I have already obſerved in ſeveral Entertainments of this Nature, that whenever they expected a great deal of Pleaſure,*

they

they have had none at all; and when the Project was very agreeable, the Execution of it has not been ſo in the leaſt. Every Body at firſt condemned this Opinion; but when we had taken a Moment's time to reflect, we found what ſhe ſaid to be true, and immediately every one threw away a Piece of his Equipage, one one way and t'other another; in ſhort, we undreſt our ſelves with ſuch prodigious Mirth, cauſed by the Whimſicalneſs of whatwe were doing, that a Ball could never have diverted us half ſo much. 'Tis impoſſible to tell you how we banter'd one another upon the Loſs of our Mony, and the Miſcarriage of our Knight-Errantry; theſe Jocularities detained us ſo long, that we did not part 'till five a Clock in the Morning, ſo that 'twas as late as if we had gone a Maſquerading. This, Madam, is the greateſt Diverſion we have had this Carnaval. We are reſolved for the future to let your Daughter have the ſpoiling of all our Projects.

M. de Fontenelle's Letters *of* Gallantry.

PART II.

LETTER I.

To Monſieur *d'V* * * * *

Upon a diſagreeable Husband's being beloved by his Wife preſently upon his Marriage.

WILL you believe what I tell you? Our Friend the Marquiſs of---- is beloved by his Wife. You know with what Repugnance ſhe marry'd him, and how long it was before ſhe could reſolve to be Miſtreſs of twenty Thouſand Livres *per Annum.* Yet they have

have been but two Months married, and now ſhe loves him to Diſtraction. At firſt ſhe gave no Marks of any ſuch a Paſſion; perhaps ſhe did not care ſo ſoon to run counter to what ſhe had before appeared in the Eye of the World, or elſe was aſhamed of her new Sentiments. But at length ſhe throws off the Maſque, has renounced all Shame, ſays a thouſand tender Things to him in publick, and gives him pretty little Names. You cannot imagine how aukwardly the Love of a handſome Woman ſits upon this Man. It does not at all agree with him, and 'tis ridiculous to hear him call'd *my Soul*, by a beautiful Mouth, and to ſee him looked upon amorouſly by a charming pair of Eyes. When he only uſed to complain of the Cruelty he was treated with, 'tis true he complained in a brutiſh and often impertinent Manner; but every body liked to hear him complain; the Character fitted him; People gave him his way: But that he ſhould be beloved, this they can never conſent to. Don't imagine now that I envy his Happineſs, and am in love with the Lady; I proteſt I am not; but I ſhould be glad to ſee a certain Order in Things. Sometimes he anſwers a Saying too tender and obliging, by a Horſe-Laugh, which

which reſounds in his vigorous Breaſt; and ſometimes, which is yet more inſupportable, he aſſumes a ſerious Air, as much as to adviſe his Wife to moderate her Paſſion a little before Company. I wiſh you were now to hear him diſcourſe upon Gallantry. Since the good Succeſs of his Marriage he thinks himſelf cut out for Love; he pretends to Preach certain Common-Places, which all Men of Fortune adorn themſelves with, that if Men are ill received, 'tis their own Fault; that a Woman's Cruelty cannot laſt for ever; that they all have Hearts, if People did but know how to attack them; and in ſhort, he ſays every Thing which is uſed to be ſpoken in general, that it may be applied to himſelf in particular. You well know he never talked thus in his Life before. Yet I can hardly believe he has ſo much Cauſe to rejoice as he imagines; his Wife is extreamly fond of him, and ſo ſhe would ſoon be of any other. 'Tis the moſt dangerous Thing in the World for a Husband that is not amiable to be beloved ſo ſoon as he is a Husband; 'tis a plain Proof he has pleaſed by Qualities which can never be particular to Him. Madam ------ muſt needs be of a Conſtitution eaſie to wrought on by the

* Sacrament,

* Sacrament, and if that Conſtitution has found a certain Merit in the Husband, 'tis very much to be fear'd 'twill find it in a great many others beſides. This it is to be married! Let a Wife have for you only thoſe Sentiments her Duty engages her to, 'tis ſafe but not very agreeable; let her have more tender ones for you, and thoſe cauſed immediately upon Marriage, 'tis more agreeable, but not very ſafe. One would be very much perplexed which to chuſe; I think the beſt way is not to chuſe at all.

LETTER II.

To the ſame. *Upon the ſame Husband's having loſt his Wife's Affection.*

WHAT I foretold is come to paſs; the poor Husband is loved no longer; he is now only call'd *Sir*, ſometimes *my Dear*, but that very ſeldom and faintly: I have a young Spark in my Eye, very well made for Courtſhip, who is likely to run away with all the pretty Names. I even foreſee that the Husband will be the more bauk'd by

* *Matrimony is a Sacrament in the* Romiſh *Church.*

by his having been for ſometime beloved; he is full of an Opinion of his own Merit, which will hinder him from being jealous; or if he is ſo, he muſt expect to be upbraided to ſome Tune, for not having made a Return to the Tenderneſs that was ſhewn him. The three or four Months which have been given him, will either hinder him from complaining, or ſerve for an Anſwer to all his Complaints, and I dare ſay he'll pay dearly for them. Lord! how odious will this Man appear to thoſe who diſcover his Folly! for he will appear much more ſo to Them than to others, becauſe they will be angry with themſelves for not having been able to diſcover it before. Depend upon't he'll be ſeverely puniſhed for having had the Impudence to impoſe upon a pretty Woman, and to enjoy her Love. All he can ſay in his own Defence, will be that 'twas natural for her to begin by him the Race of Gallantry which ſhe is going to run, becauſe he was the firſt, though unworthy, that offer'd to her. Indeed, 'tis neceſſary to diſpatch a Husband as ſoon as poſſible, and paſs on to others; for then that Trouble's over once for all. That Buſineſs, I think, ſhe has done effectually, and if ſhe goes on as faſt with the

the reſt, the Life of Madam ------- will be very remarkable for Multiplicity of Amours. I don't know but the Husband ought to wiſh they may be very numerous, for then he will have at leaſt the Comfort of finding that no body could make more durable Impreſſions upon the Heart of ſo fine a Woman, than he himſelf did.

LETTER III.

To Monſieur *d' A* * *.* * *

Upon a Widow whoſe Daughter cunningly hindered her from getting a Husband.

THIS is to ſatisfie your Requeſt, and inform you of all that has paſſed in the Family of Madam *de L* ----- ſince ſhe has been a Widow. You cannot but know her Head runs upon nothing but getting a ſecond Husband; But what a Husband! He muſt be in love with her forſooth! She is afraid the Men will have a Deſign upon her Money more than her Perſon, which I think is a Suſpicion very well grounded and very

ry reaſonable, but ſhe ought to lend no Ear to it if ſhe has a Mind to be married. She takes mighty Care in all ſhe ſays to diminiſh her Wealth as much as ſhe can, that the Addreſſes and Sighs of her Lovers may not have that in view, and at the ſame ſhe tries to diminiſh her Age too; but ſhe can take from neither of them; every body knows that her Wealth is great, and her Age ſo too. I wiſh you were to ſee with what Contempt ſhe uſes her Daughter's fine Complexion. The Moment you ſpeak of it ſhe catches the Words out of your Mouth, and ſays That will not endure long, but what muſt make her longeſt amiable muſt be her Shape and Gracefulneſs. And why this Diſtinction? Becauſe the Mother is ſtill gentile and well-ſhaped. As for Complexion, you know ſhe can no longer pretend to that. On the other hand 'tis very much the Intereſt of the young Lady to hinder her Mother from marrying again, and ſhe endeavours to do it with the greateſt Cunning. If any one happens to hit upon the right Method to win Madam *de L* —— and begins to make ſome Progreſs in her Heart, all the Charms of the Daughter are thrown in his Way; her Youth and Beauty teach her an infallible Art to

make him quit his Hold and turn his Addreſſes to herſelf; ſhe then makes the Mother jealous, and when ſhe once is ſo, ſhe makes as much Noiſe, and is as hard to be appeaſed as if ſhe were but twenty Years old. 'Twould be bad for the young Lady if ſome cunning Fellow ſhould come directly to the Point, and not let the Change be put upon him in that manner; but as good Luck will have it, Madam *de L*---- will admit of none but young Men to ſigh for her, and young Men will always be ſnatched up by her Daughter. I own I play'd her an unlucky Trick. I pretended to be in love with the Mother, who was not very much diſpleaſed with it; and preſently the Daughter uſes all her Coquettry to divert me from it. My Deſign was to alarm her a little, and therefore I gave no heed to her fine Airs; but at laſt I put her out of her Pain by a Letter I writ to her, and of which the Incloſed is a Copy. I ſend it you, becauſe it may help to give you ſome Idea of the Hiſtory of the Widowhood of Madam *de L* ------- which you wanted to know.

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LETTER IV.

To Mademoiſelle de L*****

TELL. Truth and ſhame the Devil, Madam; are not you very glad I take the Pains to write to you? You have felt ſo much of my Cruelty, that you ought to be overjoyed at receiving the leaſt of my Favours. Don't you wiſh to find this Letter full of Tenderneſs, and (to expreſs all in one Word,) Love? I know the Uſe you'd then make of it; you'd go to complain to your Mother of my Boldneſs in daring to write to you of ſuch Things, and by that means put her out of conceit with my Fidelity. But don't expect any ſuch thing, I ſhall not yet talk to you of Love; I only write to you to know what you'd do to buy me off from being your Father-in-Law. I ſhall be ſatisfied if you'll give me in reward for not being ſo, what you have hitherto given me to hinder me from becoming it. Remember, Madam, the Goodneſs you have ſhewn me; you have uſed me to it, and now 'tis impoſſible for me to do without it. 'Twill be ſo much the more eaſie for you to continue your Favours to me, as I promiſe

miſe you to give them a better Reception than I have done. I have admired your Perſeverance to me; nothing could leſſen the good Will you had for me; but be aſſured for the future you ſhall find me leſs ſcornful and inſenſible. I ſhall no longer let the obliging Things you ſay to me go unanſwer'd; and when you take ſome Steps towards Me, I ſhall take ſome Steps to meet you. But if you in the leaſt change your Behaviour, I turn Father-in-Law, and by the Addreſſes I pay to your Mother I ſhall be able to gain your Tenderneſs, which I could not do by thoſe I paid to your ſelf. But what need is there, Madam, to uſe ſuch round-about Methods? Why may not one ſucceed with you but by making ones Court to another? When any body has an Inclination for your Mother, you take upon your ſelf to reward it; and if one has one for you, you let it go unrewarded. I ſhould think 'twere better to put Things into their natural Order; let Madam *de L* ---- reward her own Lovers, and do you reward yours, and then I am for you.

LETTER V.

To Madam * * *

Upon a Man who won his Miſtreſs by pretending to ſtarve himſelf to Death for her.

PRAY, Madam, give me leave to tell you a Story which is ſomewhat extraordinary, but certainly true, and newly come to Town. It will ſtrike into you a wholeſome Dread of the Force of Love, and ſhew you that when once a Lover has made himſelf Maſter of a certain Perſeverance, the beſt thing you can do is to make your Peace with him. *Mr.* ---- had been two Years in love, but could not in all that time hit upon the Way to pleaſe; all his Care, Aſſiduity, Reſpect, Complaints, Tears, Rage would do no good. At laſt, one Day being alone with the Lady in her Cloſet, he declared that ſince nothing could move her, he was reſolved to die; this Threat indeed is very common; but what follows is particular: *and*, ſays he,

that you may fully enjoy the Pleaſure of my Death, and have the Satisfaction of ſeeing it approach me by Degrees, I am reſolved to ſtarve my ſelf to Death here in this very Cloſet; and immediately he throws himſelf upon the Ground, as if from that Moment he intended to begin to die. The Lady only laugh'd at him, and left him there, in full Confidence that ſhe ſhould not find him there a Quarter of an Hour afterwards. Mean time Evening comes on, it grows dark, and he's ſtill in the Cloſet. They go to him, ask him if he's mad and deſigns to lie there all Night. He makes no Anſwer, and the Lady is forced to let him alone for that time. Night paſſes. Early next Morning they go to him again to exhort him to change his Mind: all that can be got out of him is, *Madam, I have had the Honour to ſpeak my laſt Words to you.* He caſts a languiſhing Look at her, fetches a Sigh, and turns away his Head. The third Day the Lady her ſelf, more perplex'd than ever, carries him ſome Soupe. 'Tis impoſſible to tell with what a diſdainful Smile he look'd at her. He ſeemed conſiderably weaken'd; he had already ſomething wild in his Face, and a Dulneſs in his Eyes. The fourth Day the Lady ſeriouſly

ouſly reflected upon the Scandal ſhe was bringing upon herſelf. *A Man die in my Cloſet! die of Diſpair! die of Hunger! I am ruin'd; ſuch an Accident will make a terrible Noiſe in the World; the Truth of it will not be believed, and a thouſand Jeſts will be made upon't.* Perhaps too ſhe was a little touch'd at ſo extraordinary a Mark of his Paſſion. Why not? I believe That made as much Impreſſion upon her as the Fear of Scandal. Be this as 'twill; ſhe goes to him, and after a final Exhortation, which he hardly ſo much as ſeem'd to hear, becauſe he was now juſt dying, ſhe tells him that ſince there was no getting him out by any Perſuaſions or Reaſons, he ſhould go out upon what Terms he pleaſed. The poor dying Man faintly turns his Eyes upon her, and ask'd if he might believe her, or if it was not a Dream occaſion'd by the Crazineſs of his exhauſted Brain. She confirms her Words; and immediately his Life returns; not only Life, but a ſurprizing Vivacity; never was a more honourable Retreat made. 'Tis very probable the Lady was mighty proud of her Beauty's being able to revive the dying; and I muſt own, I do believe it had its Share in the Miracle; but 'tis certain, it ſhared that Glo-

ry with a large Loaf and ſome Bottles of Wine which our Lover had cunningly hid under a Couch that was in the Cloſet; for as he foreſaw his Death, he had made Preparations accordingly. I dare ſay, Madam, ſuch a Deceit as this makes your Hair ſtand an end. O Times! O Manners! ſay you; yet happy and thrice happy ſhe who has Lovers who know how to deceive in ſuch a manner. A Woman has at leaſt the Honour of acting the Inexorable; and the Pleaſure of not having been really ſo. I dare ſay the Lady we are ſpeaking of was not inſenſible of the Obligation ſhe had to *Mr.*---- and in ſome ſort to return it has ſince ſent him away as much contented and leſs hungry. And indeed, what does not ſo artful a Stratagem deſerve! Others win the Places they beſiege by ſtarving them; this Man has won that he beſieged by ſtarving himſelf. 'Tis the prettieſt Trick in the World. What is moſt to be fear'd is that the Ladies for the future ſhould give way to thoſe who deſire to die for them; though I don't think there's any great Danger of it. You ſee in this Story that the Gentleman muſt have raiſed the Siege with Shame and Ignominy if his Proviſions had fail'd him; but the Lady's Cruelty did not laſt ſo long as the Loaf and the Wine.

LET-

LETTER VI.

To Monſieur *d'E******

Upon the Viſits he had paid to Mademoiſelle de V—— *who boarded in a Nunnery.*

WHAT a pretty Creature, Sir, is your little Kinſwoman, and how much I'm obliged to you for having given me a ſight of this Treaſure before ſhe appears in the wide World! She's the loveliest young Lady I ever ſaw, and I think the Simplicity in which the Nuns have educated her, is an Addition to her Charms. I who never had a good Opinion of educating Children in Nunneries, begin to be mighty fond of it, and I can't now conceive how any Body can love a young Woman that's already broke to the Manners of the World. Mademoiſelle *de V*—— has certainly a great deal of Wit; but as ſhe has never converſed with People that can expreſs themſelves handſomly, ſhe thinks a great deal more than ſhe knows how to ſpeak, and 'tis no ſmall Pleaſure to me to ſee the Endeavours ſhe makes at it, and the

Paſſion ſhe is in with her ſelf at her being unable to ſucceed. She is not ignorant of the Difference there is between her Nunnery-Phraſes, and thoſe I make uſe of; and I can't help being in love with the Shame ſhe is in at it. Not but in that Shame I can ſee a glimpſe of Pride, which ſeems to intimate to me that all the Advantage I have over her is only Experience. I obſerve too, that when I have made uſe of a Manner of ſpeaking which is new to her and ſhe likes, ſhe does not catch it up preſently, but defers making uſe of it for a few Days, that ſhe may not let me know ſhe learns any thing from my Converſation. She is ſo vexed at my having now more Wit than herſelf, that in a little time ſhe'll certainly have more than I have. I have not ſometimes been able to refrain from turning the Diſcourſe upon the things of the Heart: This ſhe only talks of in a certain Style taken from the Books of Devotion which ſhe has read, and which, when transferred from a Godly to a Prophane Subject, has a very comical Effect: But ſhe very well underſtands what ſhe ſays, and I wiſh ſhe would in that devout Language expreſs to me Sentiments far from being ſo. She always comes to the Grate accompanied by a Reve-

Reverend Mother who does not ſhew her Face, but from beneath a long Veil unſeaſonably brings out Sentences about the Contempt of the World, and the Vanity of our Employments; and yet ſhe complains when my Viſits are either leſs frequent or more ſhort: You may be ſure ſhe does not do ſo becauſe my Diſcourſe is as edifying as her Confeſſor could uſe to her. The young Boarder and I have already ſome Intelligence with each other concerning the Follies of the Reverend Mother, and ſome Winks of the Eye have paſſed in preſence of the black Veil without being perceived. Wou'd to *Cupid* our Intelligence may go a great deal further yet, to the Coſt of that impertinent thing which plants its ſelf before us! 'Twould really be a double Satisfaction to me.

LETTER VII.

To the ſame. *Upon his having ſent* Cyrus *to Mademoiſelle* de V****

I Begin to Educate Mademoiſelle *de V*—— in a method ſomething different from what they have hitherto uſed

uſed with her. I ſent her the Romance of *Cyrus*, with the Permiſſion of her Governeſs, and it was diſpatched in a Fortnight. Her Eyes look as Red as a Ferret's with it, and ſo do the Reverend Mother's too, for ſhe had a mind to taſte the Poiſon before her Pupil. She ſaid to me Yeſterday with a ſqueaking Voice, which had ſomething in it of old Age, Tenderneſs, and a particular manner peculiar to Nuns, all at the ſame time; *Lord! Sir, don't you think this* Mandana *was very unhappy when ſhe had ſo many Pangs in her Heart, and could not get to commune with the great* Artamenes? I thought the Remark very ſuitable to the Genius of a Nun, which is always ſtiff and Priſoner like; and the little Pupil, who underſtood her very well in that Senſe, ſuddenly anſwered, *Aye, but* Artamenes *was always upon the Watch to carry off* Mandana, *but as for us, we are unregarded by all.* You ſee the Example of that Heroine has given them both a Taſte for Rapes, and that an *Artamenes* would not loſe his Labour upon them; but I ſhould not care to be the *Artamenes* of both of them. *Cyrus* has wrought upon Mademoiſelle *de V*—— the Effect which Romances always work upon young Ladies who have ſeen nothing of the

the World; which she imagines is formed upon that Model. I do all I can to prevail upon her not to exact from her Lovers so much Merit as *Artamenes* had, but to bate them something, especially in that prodigious Respect he paid his Mistress; and for my particular part, I freely own to her, that unless this heroical Character be a little mitigated and brought down to my Reach, I can't pretend to it, but should be as soon a Capuchin. But she's for taking all she finds in her Book in a litteral Sense. There's no great harm in this; the World will soon undeceive her. I doubt not she'll easily Taste the Difference there is between Romances and Nature. Few Women would consent to the Re-establishment of the amorous Discipline of Romances.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To Mademoiſelle *de V* * * * *

Upon his having undertaken to form her Mind, and upon the Paſſion he began to have for her.

YOU give me leave, Madam, to boaſt of teaching you Wit. I at firſt thought this was a very great Glory to me, but I ſee I teach you ſo much in ſo ſmall a time, that I have no great cauſe to value my ſelf upon it. The Eaſe with which you receive it, takes extremely from the Merit there would be in communicating it to you. You, not being ungrateful, give Me in return that which I durſt not name in a Letter that's to go to a Nunnery. Yet if I thought none would ſee it but your ſelf, I would venture to write the Word Love; for I own I have not ſo much Reſpect for you as for the Reverend Mother. A pretty Woman inſpires leſs Reſpect than another, and you are certainly much prettier than ſhe. You have done me an Injury therefore, Madam, in paying

ing me in ſuch Coin. I had rather teach you Wit for nothing: I declare, I have no Occaſion for Love. What moſt diſpleaſes me, your Requital is ſo exact, that you will needs give me a Paſſion that will laſt as long as the Wit I give you. And at that rate I ſhould love you all my Life-time? I'm your humble Servant; I never loved in that manner yet. I have made a Promiſe to every Lady I have deſerted, that I would never love another more faithfully. Would you have me at once break ſo many Promiſes, which were the only ones too I had any Hopes of keeping? Won't you ſuffer me to preſerve this one only kind of Fidelity to ſo many charming Creatures? You'll make me faithleſs to a World of fair Ladies at once. Yet I muſt reſolve to be ſo, if I continue to viſit you; but at leaſt make me amends for the multitude of Miſtreſſes paſt and to come, that I Sacrifice to you; for in the remainder of my Life, which I ſee I ſhall be forced to devote to your Service, I might have a dozen or two more of Miſtreſſes. You ſtop the Growth of all this Love which was to riſe in my Heart. I don't at all regret the Variety I ſhould have enjoy'd; ſometimes I ſhou'd have been in love with a brown Woman, ſometimes with

a fair one; at one time with a gay Perſon, and at another with a ſerious one: For I imagine that the Merit of all theſe different Characters is collected together in you. I think you both gay and ſerious; and which is more ſurprizing, I am ſo deſirous to find All in your Perſon, that I imagine you both fair and brown at the ſame time. I had as good love you at once, as take the Pains to love all thoſe other Perſons in particular who are epitomiz'd in you; but then, that the Empire of Love may be no Loſer by the Bargain, you muſt love me as much as all they put together could ever have done. You are young; your firſt Tryal ſhould be ſomething extraordinary for your own Glory.

LETTER IX.

To Monſieur *d'E* * * * * *

Upon his having loſt the Favour of Mademoiſelle V——'s Governeſs, by ſomething diſobliging he had ſaid of her.

I Am ruined, dear Sir; I'm out of favour at the Nunnery, by a Piece of Imprudence which I have committed.

I wrote to Mademoiſelle *de V*——— and told her I'd venture ſome Words about Love, if her Governeſs was not to read it, but that I reſpected that good Lady more than her, becauſe ſhe was leſs pretty. At the very next Viſit I but too plainly perceived ſhe had read my Letter; as how could it be otherwiſe! And I was very ſenſible of the Uneaſineſs it gave her to be too much reſpected. I thought the only way to make all whole again was to be diſreſpectful to her, tho' it was no eaſie thing to be ſo: I ſaid a hundred fooliſh things which could be applied to none but her: I attacked her long Veil with the moſt impertinent Gallantries that I could think of: I ſaid we were very happy that ſhe could not put a Veil over her Wit as well as over her Face; that her being ſo obſtinate not to lift it up, could proceed only from the Charity ſhe had for her Neighbour, whom ſhe did not care to bring into Danger; ſo that we ought indeed to return her our Thanks for the very thing we complain'd of. In ſhort what Follies were not uttered, and what Follies, at leaſt as great, were not return'd in Anſwer! You only know them, O ye Grates, ye Confidents and Witneſſes of my Labour! Yet all this did me

no

no Service, and the good Woman has no leſs Averſion for me for having ſlighted her Beauty, than *Juno* had of old for *Paris*. 'Tis true, I am ſomething more to blame than he was; for he condemn'd nothing but what he had ſeen, whereas I condemned a veiled *Juno*, without ever having ſeen her; yet happy in not having paſſed Sentence with as much Knowledge of the Cauſe as *Paris*? I have been twice denied at the Grate upon very weak Pretences, and that I never was before the Letter. All the Hopes I have left is, that the good Mother will have ſome Threatnings of an Apoplexy, which will oblige her to pardon me; tho' to tell you the truth, I believe an Apoplexy it ſelf would do better.

LETTER X.

To Mademoiſelle *de V****

Upon her launching into the World.

SInce you are going to appear in the World, Madam, I'll ſit down to Propheſie, and read your Deſtiny. Imagine

gine to your ſelf a great Cry in *Paris*, and a thouſand confuſed Voices, among which nothing can be diſtinguiſhed, but *how pretty! how charming ſhe is!* As yet People have indeed *ſeen* you in the Place where you are, but no body has *looked* upon you, except me who have very well acquitted my ſelf of my Duty in that particular. All Eyes, Madam, will be fixed upon you in a great meaſure like mine; perhaps you won't find the Difference, but if you'll give me leave to mix ſomething unpleaſant in my Predictions, when the firſt Days of your Appearance are once over, you'll no longer ſee in the Eyes of others, what you may ſtill find in mine. You will continually hear a ſoft Noiſe, and a confuſed Murmur, to which you are not yet accuſtomed, and theſe are called Sighs. They'll be like ſome of thoſe you have heard from me; only perhaps they'll be a little louder, but they are ne'er the better for that. But above all, there will fall down upon you a ſhower of certain agreeable things call'd Compliments; you'll be ſo peſtered with them that you'll hardly have time to breathe; before you have well defended your ſelf on one ſide, they'll attack you on t'other: But for fear your Ears ſhould be too much

much accuſtomed to that flattering Language, which will be only in the Mouths of the Men, it ſhall be my Buſineſs to give you an exact Account of what the Women ſay of you, the prettieſt of whom will ſay your Eyes are too large, or your Mouth too ſmall. For my part if you were not the only one of your Sex whoſe Intereſt I am ſo much concerned for, I would openly give notice in *Paris*, for all the Women to ſecure their Lovers as faſt to themſelves as poſſible, and to keep ſtrict Watch over their Captives, becauſe at your Arrival we ſhall hear of nothing but broken Chains and deſerted Miſtreſſes. After this warning I dare ſay there are one part of the Lovers they would make haſte to favour, and another part whom they would uſe worſe than ever, according to the different Maxims the Ladies act upon to preſerve their Conqueſts; yet I believe the generality of the Men would be the better for it. 'Tis very certain, Madam, your coming out of the Nunnery is an Event of great importance in the Amorous World, and will cauſe conſiderable Revolutions in it. A young Goddeſs of ſixteen Years old, like you, is ſoon known to be a Goddeſs, and the moment ſhe appears, all fall at her Knees.

For

For my Particular, if I have not yet fallen at yours before all the other Mortals that are to adore you, conſider it was the Grate that hinder'd me; for 'tis not cuſtomary to adore ſuch pretty Deities at a Diſtance: One never falls at their Knees without embracing them.

LETTER XI.

To the Chevalier *du B*****

Upon his being in Love with a Woman that was both old and ugly, only for her Wit.

WHAT will you ſay, my dear Chevalier, when you find I blame you for one of the moſt glorious Things you ever performed? You are in love with Madam *de M*---We are aſſured it is not Senſuality that makes you love her, for I believe there is not one of the Senſes but what makes againſt her; but ſhe has a great deal of one certain Specie of Wit, and that's the Merit you are touch'd with. Nothing can be more laudable than this Contempt of material Beauties; and this quick Taſte for ſpiritual and inviſible ones. Nay, there's ſomething more

more in you than a ſimple Contempt of the one and a violent Appetite for the other; you advance to thoſe inviſible and ſpiritual Charms thro' material and tangible Uglineſs, which lyes in your Way. Your Greatneſs of Soul is certainly the more ſhining, upon that Score, and I am willing to believe you are vying about Spirituality with ſome Angel or other. Yet that is the very thing which can never be approved of in an Age ſo corrupt as ours: Don't act the Angel at five and twenty Years of Age, good Chevalier, eſpecially for a Perſon who is ſo far from being one herſelf. Since you believe the Woman to have ſo much Wit, do you imitate it; I dare give you my Word ſhe'll never love you for it. Had you as much as *Voiture* himſelf, to pleaſe her you muſt have Youth beſides, and thoſe other Attractions with which Youth is accompany'd. Do you only follow her Maxims in Love, and you'd ſoon be cured of that you now have for her. You pretend the Converſation of this Lady will gain you the Reputation of being a Wit; but don't be deceiv'd; you are young and handſome; the World is not ſo eaſily blinded. Perhaps becauſe ſhe rails at almoſt every Body in general, you

imagine

imagine that you ſurpaſs all thoſe whom ſhe has banter'd in your Hearing, and ſo make your ſelf an agreeable Compliment, upon your being left out of the Raillery of a Perſon who knows ſo well how to diſtinguiſh Ridicule. But prithee, Chevalier, don't take the Reward of your Services to be an Effect of your Merit; there's a great deal of Difference between deſerving and buying. You have paid for the Diſtinction you meet with, and dearly too. Again, if having once made the Purchaſe, 'twas to continue for the Remainder of your Life, there were ſomething to be ſaid for't; but it muſt be often renewed. But you ſeem to have ſuch a prodigious Paſſion for Wit, that I believe if you were condemned to ſtudy Philoſophy or the Mathematicks you would do it: 'Tis at leaſt certain, a Lover of Madam *de M*—— cannot be without that Degree of Courage. What Undertaking can be above him? Adieu my dear Chevalier; don't be ſo fond of Wit, if you can help it; and try to have it at a cheaper Rate.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To the ſame. *Continuation of the ſame Subject.*

TRemble at the Sight of this Letter; I am going to preach more than ever. I am told that your Amours have ſet you at Variance with all the World. Sure Madam *de M*——takes the ſame Courſe with you as *Cataline* did with thoſe whom he had drawn into his Conſpiracy: He made them drink humane Blood, to the Intent that they might never break the Knot which was ty'd by ſo great a Crime. So Madam *de M*—— makes you ſwallow all the Venom ſhe has to ſpit againſt Mankind in general; ſhe fills your Head with her Jeſts, which you never fail to repeat, and the more Enemies you raiſe your ſelf, the faſter you are bound to her. Theſe are mighty fine Ties for a tender Paſſion! *To live in profound Peace with your* Iris, *and deſpiſe all the reſt of the World*, is perhaps what you propoſe to do. I own nothing would be more agreeable, were it not with *Iris*; but I ſhould not care for ſo pro-

profound a Peace with her. This I can tell you; you'll come to be as ſolitary as the Play-Houſe when the *Thebais* is acted, without mentioning the Auſterities you muſt be forced to endure. Don't believe you have e'er the more Wit, becauſe ſhe that has it, loves you; pray is ſhe e'er the younger, becauſe you that are young love her? I own People get Wit by converſing with thoſe that have it, tho' they don't grow e'er the younger for aſſociating with thoſe that are young; but you don't get Wit by converſing with Madam *de M*----you only make uſe of hers; for as it comes from one who is very dear to you, you think you have a ſort of a Right to it, and therefore adorn your ſelf with the ſharp things you hear her ſay. This is what deceives you. Thoſe Sayings no more prove your Wit, than the Paint Madam *des M*----every Day uſes does her Youth. All this is apply'd outwardly, and does not at all proceed from within. If you'd really ſhew us that you have improved by her Converſation, learn to ſay things that you have not heard her ſay; and that we may have no Room to ſuſpect you ſteal from her, learn to praiſe artfully, and that ſhe could never do. I durſt lay a Wager ſhe never in

her Life ſaid a tender or obliging thing even to you your ſelf: She only throws better Invectives upon the reſt of the World and leaves you out; and this you are forced to be ſatisfy'd with for the tendereſt Sayings. I fancy *Tiſiphone* and *Alecto* make love much after the ſame Manner, whenever either of thoſe two lovely Creatures happen to have an Intrigue, and the Serpents which ſerve for their Head-Dreſs ſoften their Hiſſings and endeavour to look languiſhingly. I hope ſo extravagant a Compariſon will ſave my Letter from being ſacrificed to the Object of your Flame. Yet I ſhould not be ſorry if you did it; I am ſure ſhe'd abhor you only for receiving it.

LETTER XIII.

To the ſame. *Adviſing him to give up his Right to a Rival that was riſen againſt him.*

I Am informed you have got a Rival and will not deſiſt from your Pretentions. Are you mad? Are you ſo ignorant of the Value of the Happineſs

your

your good Fortune has ſent you? Conſider, you'll be Madam *de M*----'s laſt Lover, for ſhe is not ſo very much peſter'd with Courtiers. Nothing, I think, is ſo diſagreeable as to burn the laſt Incenſe upon an Altar which is juſt falling to Pieces, and I ſhould not much care to cloſe up the amorous Hiſtory of e'er a Lady in *Europe*. You are very much threaten'd with this Misfortune, and I ſhould pity you extreamly if it happens to you; but here comes a Man and offers to eaſe you of it, and will you let ſlip ſo favourable an Opportunity? Really, I can't comprehend what you drive at. Perhaps the Place's being diſputed is what induces you to defend it; on the contrary I ſhould rather think you ought to make uſe of that Pretence to quit it: There'll be ſome Honour in having enjoy'd a Thing which another envies you for, and then you'll caſt upon your Rival the Diſhonour of having poſſeſſed her peaceably. I have ſtill one more Argument to offer to your Conſideration, and that is, that if You neglect this Opportunity, Madam *des M*--- may not: And if you can't ſee the Advantage of having a Rival, ſhe may ſee that of having a new Lover. You are five and twenty Years old. She is----

I dare not ſay how much, and ſhall it be ſaid that ſhe deſerted You! This is not to be endured. I believe ſhe thinks ſhe has made you witty enough, and therefore will be willing to make ſome other ſo. You'd grow to be a Prodigy and to ſurpaſs all the reſt of Mankind, if you were longer to be the only one that receives her excellent Leſſons. 'Tis but Juſtice that thoſe who ſtand in need of them ſhould ſucceed you: And ſeriouſly 'tis extreamly publick-ſpirited in her to dole out her Wit equally.

LETTER XIV.

To Monſieur * * * *

Complaining of his being in Love with a Woman who was too melancholly and uneaſie.

GIVE me Leave, dear Sir, to lay open my Heart before you, and to inform you of a Grief I am troubled with, which I'm afraid you will only laugh at. You ſaw me very much touch'd with Madam----Tho' I have but little Inclination for melancholly Perſons, yet I made an Exception in her Favour; her Melancholly ſeemed to promiſe me ſomething paſſionate and poinant; nor was I deceived, I am got ſo far as not to diſ-

pleaſe

diſpleaſe her, but I am ſufficiently puniſhed for this Happineſs! Tho' I ſerve her with unexampled Affection and Aſſiduity, yet I can hear nothing come out of her Mouth but Complaints. I own ſhe makes them with a great deal of Wit, and they have ſomething in them that ſhews a certain ſubtle Tenderneſs, but then ſhe is always at them. If ſhe happens to be contented, as ſhe ſeldom is, ſhe has no Words to expreſs Joy or Pleaſure; that's a Language ſhe is wholly unacquainted with; and when I unluckily let her know that ſhe is contented, ſhe preſently falls a complaining with abundance of Eloquence, that I give her ſo little Cauſe to be eaſie, that when ſhe is ſo, I muſt needs put her in mind of it. You may imagine her to be an *Ariadne*, that could ſay nothing to *Theſeus* whilſt he was faithful to her, but when he had left her in the Deſart Iſland could do Wonders with the Rocks. I have ſometimes been ſo free as to tell her, that 'twould be neceſſary to ſerve her ſome perfidious Trick, in order to give her Genius occaſion to exert it ſelf. Yet even her Sadneſs encreaſes her Beauty; it adds to the Brightneſs of her Eyes, to the livelineſs of her Complexion; and in a word, gives her a new Soul.

How agreeable would they be if they were but leſs frequent! I can't live with her, and yet I don't know how to leave her. I am extremely well pleaſed with her Wit, her Beauty, 'tis only her Spleen I am provoked with. Why does that Spleen fruſtrate the Effect of ſo many Charms? Were ſhe but unſpleen'd ſhe'd be compleat. I am told the Operation is poſſible, and not very dangerous; if ſo, I'm hers for ever.

LETTER XV.

To the ſame. *A Stratagem he uſed to come off with Honour from his melancholy Miſtreſs.*

I Am very much deceived, or I have found out a good way to leave Madam ——, without giving her Occaſion to make Elegies upon me, which it would be impoſſible for me to ſuſtain. I went for our Friend *S. R.* to Madam *d'H*——, to whom he had applied himſelf, I don't know by what Chance; for She is an utter Enemy to all Delicacy of Sentiments, and He a Man of profound Reflections. He has in his Head certain

tain refined Chimera's that want Food, and I don't think he could ever like a Woman long, that did not afford him daily Cauſe to fret and gnaw upon his own Heart. I have therefore taken him from the Place he was ſo unfit for, and carried him to Madam ----, with whom I don't doubt he'll do me an ill Office. He'll handle Love ſeriouſly, methodically, and with all its Dignity; whereas I had only ſome common and ſuperficial Notions of it, which I have been ſufficiently upbraided with. In proportion as he gets ground, I ſhall make an honourable and imperceptible Retreat in favour of my Rival. We ſhould not hear ſo many Women complaining of their being abandoned by their Lovers, if when the Lovers find themſelves abandoned by their Love, they would take care to get themſelves Succeſſors, that their Loſs may not be perceived, and this would be no Infidelity at all; for when I ſwear to a Lady that I'll adore her as long as I live, may it not be eaſily interpreted, that if I my ſelf don't adore her for ever, another ſhall adore her for me, and that I will not leave her without ſome Lover whom ſhe herſelf ſhall like? This is all one. What matters it whether that Lover is Me or ano-

ther? I aſſure my ſelf, Madam —— will be ſo reaſonable as to agree to the Subſtitution I mean to make; ſuch Subſtitutions muſt naturally pleaſe the Ladies; nay, I believe the oftener they're made, the more they'll like them: But further, I think *S. R.* and Madam —— already begin to look upon each other with favourable Eyes. I am of wonderful Service to my Rival by the Oppoſition of my Maxims to his. I'll continue in my preſent Poſt 'till he and I have no further occaſion for one another's Aſſiſtance in our different Ends, and then I'll ſearch out for ſome ſmiling Graces and ſportive Loves.

LETTER XVI.

To the ſame. *Upon the ill Succeſs of his Stratagem:*

MY Deſigns won't ſucceed: Madam —— has no longer any liking to *S. R.* She tells me he's a Man that would make any one very miſerable who ſhould have any Value for him. This is a ſtrange Caſe. She can like no body that reſembles herſelf; and when ſhe ſees

ſees her own Picture in the Perſon of another, ſhe is ſhocked at it. But is't any of my Fault that ſhe's ſo unreaſonable? I did not mean to deſert her baſely; I preſented her another Subject in my room. And what a Subject too! A Man pick'd out of all *Paris* for the moſt uneaſie-temper'd Man in it, and who is at leaſt as likely as her ſelf to be an eternal Torment to the Perſon he loves. She may accept of him if ſhe will. I think I have done my Duty. I averr that all who are of ſuch a Character ſhould couple amongſt themſelves, and not be ſuffer'd to come into a World that is at eaſe, and where Love is known only by its Pleaſures. They'd diſturb all its Repoſe, if they were permitted to make their Irruptions into it. And yet I find they can never live without having ſomebody to torment who won't torment them again; but are we obliged therefore to ſubmit to their melancholy Government? Let them plague one another. Madam —— looks upon me as a Treaſure in my kind. She throws all her tender Spleen at me without Danger; I have none at all, and for that Reaſon ſhe won't part with me for *S. R.* whom I offer her. Yet I have a mighty mind to give her the ſlip. I wiſh the Heavens may favour the Eſcape!

LETTER XVII.

To Monſieur d'E***

A Relation of what paſſed at Mademoiſelle de V——'s *firſt going to the Opera.*

I Very gladly, Sir, accept of the Employment you give me of being the Hiſtorian of the Life of Mademoiſelle *de V*——. I am certainly fitter for this than for writing the Life of ſome Heroe, full of Battles and other great Events that are magnificent and diſagreeable. Here there will none be more conſiderable than Walks, Viſits, at moſt ſome Smiles, or ſome myſterious Glance of the Eye. But are not theſe the things that have the moſt important Place in the Archives of *Paphos* and *Amathus*? 'Tis pity we have not thoſe quite compleat, inſtead of a great many other bulky Volumes of Hiſtory which I don't care a Pin for. To begin therefore that of your lovely Kinſwoman: We carried her Yeſterday to the Opera for the firſt time. Imagine what an Opera muſt be to one that's juſt come out of a Nunnery; what

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a difference between the Harmony of Nuns and that; in a Word, what it muſt be to paſs from one of thoſe two Worlds to the other? *Pſiche* was played that Night; I'll aſſure you Mademoiſelle *de V* ---- was a *Pſiche* her ſelf, being like her brought into an enchanted Place, as ſurprized and charmed as ſhe was. For my part, inſtead of looking at the *Pſiche* upon the Stage, I looked only at her in our Box, who certainly acted much better, beſides her being much prettyer; and if I had been *Cupid*, I would have ſent *Zephyr* to fetch me this, and carry back the other to her Parents. At the Sentence of *Pſiche*'s Death and at all the Funeral Pomp which follows, the young Lady wept after having reſtrain'd her ſelf for ſome time. 'Tis very likely Shame had ſtrove hard in her little Soul, but at length Shame, which ſeldom gets the better, gave way, and the Handkerchief was wet with Tears. As this Paſſage is very long, ſhe would fain have gone out or hid her ſelf in the hind part of the Box, becauſe ſhe imagined all the Aſſembly had their Eyes upon her, and ſhe ſhould be ſhamed for ever: we had much ado to encourage her, and whilſt they were ſinging *Piangete al pianto mio*, whilſt all the Inſtruments

ments of Muſick drew long Sighs and the warbling Flutes fetched a thouſand Sobs, nothing was to be heard in our Box but loud Fits of Laughter, which we could not retain, and which might juſtly make the People think we were mad. I told her ſhe was too much touch'd, and ſhe anſwered ſhe could not help her Compaſſion; but when the Scenes between *Pſiche* and *Cupid* came, ſhe was no leſs touch'd, and then Pity was gone. A ſoft and lively Air of Joy was ſpread over her Face, and you'll eaſily think her Beauty loſt nothing by this; at length, rapt with the Pleaſure ſhe felt ſhe was forced to eaſe her ſelf by a Sigh, perhaps the firſt that was ever heard from her Heart, and 'twas certainly too valuable to be thrown away upon a Fiction. I ſtudied all the Movements Nature produced in her; and during this Play, which is full of Variety, ſhe went through a ſort of a Courſe of Sentiments; and I hardly know one but what her Heart felt in the three Hours we were there. I'll promiſe you 'tis of a very good Temper, and I don't deſpair but in a little time you'll hear further from us about it. From the Play we went to ſup at your Siſter's. The Repaſt was very nice and

the

the Company extreamly agreeable; yet ſhe was mighty thoughtful. She was not yet quite come to her ſelf after the little Agitations ſhe had undergone; the Muſick ſtill filled her Ears; *Pſiche* and *Cupid* were not out of her Mind. We deſired her not to take it ill if ſhe was waited upon by Lackies who were far from reſembling *Zephyrs*; and at Night when I led her quite into her Chamber, I told her that though I did not then leave her in the midſt of a Company of Nymphs, at leaſt I durſt promiſe her ſhe would dwell all Night in the enchanted Palace, and that ſhe would be *Pſiche* above twenty Times. Next Morning ſhe confeſs'd ſhe had been ſo, but ſhe would not own that ſhe had ſeen a large handſome *Cupid*, who ſaid the tendereſt Things in the World to her: but how could ſhe be a *Pſiche* without having a *Cupid*? I leave you to Judge whether 'tis poſſible

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LETTER XVIII.

To Monſieur d' E * * * * *

He begs him to come and ſee Mademoiſelle de V — *play upon the* Theorbo.

PRAY, Sir, take my Advice, and come away immediately upon the Receipt of my Letter to ſee your lovely Kinſwoman learn to play upon the *Theorbo*. I promiſe you ſhe'll reſtore you the five and twenty Years which you ſometimes wiſh you could recal. Not that ſhe can already play well upon that Inſtrument; 'tis impoſſible ſhe ſhould do that in ſo ſhort a Time; but becauſe it touches one to ſee how agreeably ſhe will come to play on it, and one is pleaſed by way of advance. Don't attribute this to the Prepoſſeſſion I always have in her Favour; I already hear the Sounds ſhe'll ſtrike from the *Theorbo* a few Months hence, and they pierce my Heart beforehand. But what is beſides very agreeable, without reckoning future Hopes, is the modeſt and at the ſame time

time pleaſing Poſture ſhe is in when ſhe plays. One of the moſt beautiful Arms in the World glides over the Inſtrument with a juſt and orderly Motion; Fingers worthy that Arm run over the extremity of the Strings; bright Eyes ſpeak all the while, and expreſs more than the Inſtrument it ſelf, and her proper Inflexions of the Head would almoſt repreſent the Tune ſhe plays, even if we heard nothing of it. When ſhe plays better, the *Theorbo* will perfectly well accompany her ſinging, but her Perſon will at leaſt as well accompany the *Theorbo*. Perhaps the Pleaſure I take in ſeeing her play is encreaſed, becauſe it is a good Omen to ſee her embrace ſomething, though it be but a *Theorbo*; and I'll aſſure you, what ſhe does embrace, ſhe embraces with the charmingſt Air in the World. 'Twould be a Pity ſo good a Talent ſhould not one Day be exerciſed upon animated Subjects, and really I believe this is only a Prelude or Tryal. She'll grow accuſtomed to hold tenderly in her Arms ſomething that will anſwer as tenderly; and as ſhe'll grow every Day nicer and nicer in the Anſwers, ſhe'll ſtand in need of thoſe of a Lover, or at leaſt thoſe of a kind Husband. Come and hear her before

that

that happens, nay, before ſhe is grown a greater Artiſt at her *Theorbo*; for then you may aſcribe to Art or to long Uſe, the Perfection ſhe'll be arrived at: but now one has the Pleaſure to ſee a happy Genius, wherein Art has hardly the leaſt Share, and which even endeavours to do without its Aſſiſtance; and you can't imagine how taking this Endeavour is.

LETTER XIX.

To the ſame. *A Relation of the conſiderable Events Mademoiſelle* de V ----- *cauſed at a Ball.*

OUR Carnaval has had no very happy beginnings; I don't know how 'twill end. Three Days ago the Count of *P*-----gave a Ball to Madam *de la C*-----. Mademoiſelle *de V*-------was invited both to that and the Supper beſides. You may be ſure I would not fail to be at the Ball; but I did not think that enough, I got to be at the Supper too. If you have Penetration enough to gueſs the Reaſon why I ſo earneſtly

neſtly deſired to be at it, I will own it to you. Madam *de la C*---- the Queen both of the Ball and Feaſt, was mightily decked out; ſhe wore about her all the Jewels that were in her Neighbourhood, and he that had robbed her had plundered the whole Street; yet ſhe look'd well enough. Don't be ſurpriz'd at the Word *yet*; 'tis becauſe I'm no Friend at all to Jewels and rich Cloaths. Mademoiſelle *de V* —— was leſs ſplendid in foreign Ornaments, but more ſo in her ſelf. All Eyes were turned upon her in a certain Manner, which ſhew'd a want of Reſpect for the Miſtreſs of the Ball. I believe from that Moment ſhe began to take no further Pleaſure in any of the Entertainment; and preſently after the coming in of Mademoiſelle *de V*-—— ſhe complained that her Head aked. 'Tis very probable this Headake was deſigned to intreat the Company not to expect to ſee her ſo freſh colour'd and beautiful as your lovely Kinſwoman. At Supper, the Lady told her with a mighty ſerious Air that her Head was dreſs'd in a very extraordinary Manner; it was ſo indeed, but 'twas very well contriv'd and extreamly pretty; yet not a Word of Praiſe. The Aſſembly began; and was in general made up

of

of very agreeable Perſons. In the Judgments made upon Beauty, the Women gave the Preference to Madam *de la C*---- and the Men to Mademoiſelle *de V*---- and certainly the Men are the beſt Judges in Caſes of this Nature. Madam *de C*--- therefore had but few Followers, and for this reaſon ſhe ſeemed to dance with a negligent diſdainful Air, not thinking we deſerved to ſee her Dance as well as ſhe could have done. I don't know whether 'twas through Agitation in dancing or Indignation at ſeeing Mademoiſelle *de V*---- ſo very pretty, or ſome ill Effect of her Conſtitution; but now comes the greateſt of Misfortunes; her Noſe began to grow horrible red. I can't but admire the Authority the Noſe has over the reſt of the Face; the Moment that is out of Order, all the reſt is ſo too. Madam *de la C*---- who with the greateſt Uneaſineſs perceived that Important Part grow enflamed, would have been very glad to have revenged her ſelf upon all the other Noſes, by making them red too, and particularly upon the little Noſe whoſe Intereſts I eſpouſe: But as ſhe could not think of any Way how to do that, ſhe turn'd her Reſentment upon another part; ſhe cauſed all the Candle Branches to be drawn up higher,

ſo

ſo that every Body's Eyes ſeem'd black and blue quite down to the Middle of their Faces. What an ill-natur'd Trick this was! If her Noſe grew red, why could not ſhe have reveng'd her ſelf upon the other Noſes? Why muſt the poor Eyes ſuffer for't? But ours, I mean thoſe of Mademoiſelle *de V*—— ſtood buff. There was no Part of her Beauty that Day, but what was in a wonderful good Condition to defend its ſelf againſt all the Stratagems of its Enemies. Perhaps you won't believe what I tell you, but yet we are not to ſurpaſs the Truth, becauſe People are incredulous: Madam *de la C*—— could not ſpoil the Eyes of the other Women without ſpoiling her own too; and this join'd to the Redneſs of her Noſe quite diſfigured her; Monſieur *des R*——who had 'till then purſued her very cloſely, deſerted her the Moment he ſaw two ſuch Marks of Uglineſs, voluntary and involuntary; and came over to us, where he found a very pretty End of a Noſe, and perhaps the only Eyes in the whole Company that did not look black and blue. At this, Madam *de la C*—— almoſt mad with Rage, did what the *Dutch* always reſerve againſt they are driven to the utmoſt Extremity, they open the Sluices,

break

break down the Banks, and drown the whole Country. You'll hardly gueſs what this Compariſon can be apply'd to. Why then to put you out of Doubt, there were no Maskers to be in the Ball, becauſe it was deſign'd to be without Diſorder and Confuſion; Madam *de la C*----bid the Porter let them in, the Sluices were opened, the Banks broken, and in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour we ſaw an Inundation of Masks. Then all the Noſes both white and red, the Eyes that look'd black and blue and thoſe that did not, were all huddled and confounded together: The Tumult encreaſed every Minute, and it was no longer poſſible to tell which was prettieſt, Madam *de la C*----or Mademoiſelle *de V*---- The Diſorder went ſo far, that ſome of the Masks fell to quarreling, and five or ſix Swords were drawn, a Sight which pleaſed Madam *de la C*----but which was very terrible to poor Mademoiſelle *de V*----who had like to have dy'd of Fear. She preſently fled away; and how do we know but theſe quarelſome Masks were hired by Madam *de la C*----! What is not that Woman capable of, whoſe Noſe is the only one at a whole Ball that grows red? We have had a deep Conſultation upon this Accident, and are prudently reſolved never

never to carry the young Lady to a Ball again, 'till we have got a Promiſe from all the Women that are to be there, that they won't take it ill if ſhe is handſomer than themſelves, and being aſſured before hand of a general Pardon for all the Robberies her Beauty may commit upon theirs.

LETTER XX.

To Monſieur *de S* * * * *

Upon his waiting for the Death of an old Husband that he may marry his Wife.

YOU pretend then to the Reverſion of Monſieur *des R*---that is, to marry his Wife when ſhe's a Widow? Your Pretenſion is ſomething bold, not but that the good Man is threeſcore and fifteen Years old, but then he'll live 'till Ninety, nay for what I know to a hundred. 'Tis ten Years ſince Madam *des R*----marry'd him; ſhe was then but fifteen, and ſhe formed a Reſolution to beſtow at moſt but a Year or two of her Life to heap up Wealth, which was the only thing ſhe wanted. She did not, pro-

properly ſpeaking, mean to get this Wealth for herſelf but for *F* ---- whom ſhe had no Averſion to, and ſhe was to marry him very ſoon; for the good Man was to make room for him preſently. Behold the Vanity of human Prudence, would ſome Orator very properly cry upon this Occaſion! The old Husband is alive ſtill; he has tired out the Paſſion and Conſtancy of *F* ——— who is at length married. Another ſucceeded him, and he too after a few Years renounced a Wife whoſe Husband was ſo reſolutely bent upon living: Now you are come into play; I dare engage the Husband will ſoon tire you as he has done the reſt; you'll neither have any of his Eſtate nor of the Ill-humour of his Widow. I don't doubt the little Woman tries all the fatal Methods a young Woman has in her Power to uſe upon an old Man; but by his being ne'er the worſe for them, I believe he is not to be killed that way, and he only laughs at the murthering Careſſes he receives. How much muſt he rejoice to find he has more Health than all you have Perſeverance? He has already ſeen three or four of his Wife's Courtiers fall away, and he is ſtill living. He is not at all jealous of the Addreſſes that are paid her;

her; he ſhews ſuch a ſort of a Confidence and Tranquility in this Particular as would make me mad, if I had the ſame Deſign as you, and I ſhould take it for the greateſt of Affronts. He ſeems to be ſure of living, of putting you out of Patience, and ſeeing your Succeſſor. Autumn approaches, and your Expectations grow greater than ever; you long for ill Weather, and your Love thinks of nothink but Catarrhs, Coughs and Apoplexies. Yet I take it for granted he'll rub through this Autumn, and the Fall of the Leaf will do you no good. The old Man is deviliſh ſpiteful; he won't die till his Wife's Beauty is worn away; he'll leave her to you when ſhe is faded and conſumed by ſo long an Expectation, and ſo end his Life with this Piece of Unluckineſs. For my part, if I were in your ſtead, I would not engage in this Paſſion nor fill my Head with any ſuch Projects, till after a good Conſultation of Phyſicians, who ſhould aſſure me that the Husband would die quickly, or that they'd rid me of him by ſuch a Time. Elſe one had as good be in love with the Wife of *Methuſalem*.

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LETTER XXI.

To Monſieur *de P******

Upon the Marriage of the Count-----with a Merchant's Daughter, who could not learn to behave herſelf like a Counteſs.

THE Count ------ is at laſt married, but notwithſtanding the four hundred and fifty thouſand Franks he has received in part of his Wife's Portion, I durſt lay a Wager he is far from being contented. He would fain make others forget and forget himſelf that he has married the Daughter of a Merchant, I mean he is very deſirous to have her aſſume the Airs of a Woman of Quality; but Nature and Cuſtom are much more powerful in her than her new Honour. She is not uſed to the diverſity of Officers ſhe has now about her, and has hardly learnt to diſtinguiſh between their ſeveral Functions. She was very much amazed the firſt time ſhe ſaw the Plates ſet upon the Table by a Man who had his Hat on his Head and his Sword by his Side;

Side; and as ſhe had been adviſed to carry it more ſtately and highly, ſhe ordered him before every body to be more reſpectful and pull off his Hat, to which ſhe added ſome Remarks upon the Uſeleſsneſs of the Sword, which the Steward could hardly help laughing at, and which made the Husband as red as Fire. He is daily expoſed to ſuch Confuſion, and the Moment ſhe opens her Mouth you may ſee him grow pale and tremble for what ſhe is going to ſay. I don't doubt but he makes her every Day rehearſe her Counteſſes part in private; nay, may be this is what takes up moſt part of the time they are alone together. This is but a melancholly Condition for her that receives the Leſſons! neither does ſhe improve much by them. I deſpair of his ever breaking her to great Airs; ſhe is little and thick, her Face large, her Noſe flattiſh, and ſuch a Figure you muſt imagine will make but a ſorry Counteſs. Something indeed might have been made of a lean Perſon, who had had a good Shape, and a large *Roman* Noſe. The Race of the Counts *de* ---- would not then have been ſpoilt, as it certainly will now. We ſhall have it get a Cittiſh Air, which it will not be able to rid it ſelf of for ten Generations.

They'll be of a ſhort dumpling Make, and have thoſe thick Legs which Madam ---- thinks takes mightily from Nobility. 'Twill be well if the ſix or ſeven hundred thouſand Livres which come into the Family of the Count by this Match, laſt as long as theſe vulgar Shapes. Yet perhaps they may be rectified by marrying five or ſix handſome Ladies ſucceſſively out of decayed Families, otherwiſe the Evil is without Remedy.

LETTER XXII.

To the ſame. *Upon the Count's Uneaſineſs at having nothing but Daughters.*

THIS Morning the Count and Counteſs of —— left my Houſe to go a Pilgrimage about four Leagues further to endeavour to obtain a Boy. The poor Count is very unfortunate. His Vanity has been in perpetual Mortification ever ſince his Marriage; his Wife has never been able to become the Titles with which ſhe is adorned; ſhe ſeems to have ſuccumb'd under their weight, and after a few vain Efforts, which were always attended with ill Suc-

Succeſs, ſhe has at length for ever renounced acting the Counteſs. The Huſband however was in hopes this would be made amends for by her Fruitfulneſs, for Fruitfulneſs is in my Opinion a Cittiſh Quality; 'tis true ſhe's fruitful enough, but then ſhe brings forth nothing but Daughters upon Daughters. They have already four of them, which almoſt drives the Father to deſpair. I have known the time when he was no great Biggot, but now he begins to have belief in thoſe Saints which grant Sons to their Suppliants. A certain Gentleman, one of the ſmall number of Proteſtants that are ſtill left in the Kingdom, was at my Houſe Yeſterday, and was breaking ſome Jeſts upon the Count's Pilgrimage (as thoſe Gentlemen are pretty full of them) but he was repulſed with a Zeal from which the Count I dare ſay expects three or four Boys all ſucceſſively. He is very angry at the Counteſs for not being able to raiſe her Thoughts ſo high as to wiſh for a Boy as ardently as he does. But he finds her extremely indifferent as to that, and perhaps he may ſuſpect that 'tis for want of Sublimity of Mind that ſhe does not produce Counts. Is it not Craft in the little Woman to bring forth nothing but

Daughters, only that he may not grow ſlack in his Duty? for that Article would be conſiderably diminiſhed if he got a Son or two from her; but ſhe may draw him on from Daughter to Daughter a great while. Tho' ſhe has not a prodigious deal of Wit, yet I believe ſhe has enough for that: The Women ſo well know their own Intereſts! What moſt torments the Count is, that there have been in his Family Marſhals of *France*. And to let a Family be extinct that has had ſuch Poſts! To let ſo great a Name periſh! 'Tis enough to make him dye with Grief: But may be the Succeſſors of theſe great Men are reſolv'd not to be the Grandſons of a Merchant. How do we know but theſe future Beings already ſtand upon Punctilio's of Honour? Be it as 'twill, the Count is very miſerable in having married a Wife who can neither act the Counteſs, nor bear him Counts. We ſhall ſee whether the Pilgrimage will remedy this laſt Misfortune; as for the firſt, I believe it will do it no good.

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LETTER XXIII.

To Monſieur *de F* * * * * *

Upon the Perplexity he was in becauſe his Friends meant to marry him very advantageouſly.

I Can never, my Dear Friend, ſtand more in need of good Advice than I do now, therefore I ask it of you with the greateſt Earneſtneſs. They would fain marry me! I marry! Can't you preſently ſee that this Affair is too ſerious for me, and that I am unworthy of it? I never in all my Life had one ſolid Thought, and I don't find my ſelf e'er the worſe for't, and muſt I now begin to have them? But who do you think I muſt be married to? To Madam *d'A*—— one of the wiſeſt Women in the World. Methinks I already ſee her bringing my Life into a regular Form; loving me by Rule, and preſcribing it to herſelf for a Law to have an Anniverſary Lying in! I have lately too heard an Inſtance of her Virtue,

which makes me tremble. She owns it is not poſſible even for a modeſt Woman to be without ſome Uneaſineſs in a long Widowhood. No Woman that is not very ſure both of herſelf and Reputation durſt talk at this rate. But do you think 'tis fit I ſhould come at laſt and put an end to this melancholy Widowhood? What d'ye ſay to this Caſe? Don't you think ſuch an Undertaking extremely hardy? The deuce on't is, the Woman, to ſay the Truth, is a very good Woman, and I am reduced to the Neceſſity of entering into a ſerious Deliberation, for I don't know but I may be guilty of a piece of Folly if I don't give Ear to the Propoſals that are made to me. My Betters would receive them upon their Knees. I'm aſſured the Lady will accept of me very kindly; perhaps ſhe means to take pleaſure in teaching me Wiſdom. If ſhe does this I'm ruined; I don't know what will become of me, if once Reaſon is beat into me. I have conſidered whether I ſhould make her irregular before ſhe made me regular; this you'll ſay was an uncommon Deſign in one that was marrying a Wife: But I cannot even flatter my ſelf with this; I find ſhe'll gain from me a ſort of Reſpect, which will

will give her a very great Superiority over me. I'm not at all afraid of being governed; I'm afraid only of being made wife; I ſhall be forced to have Children, Offices, Aims and Deſigns: I can't endure the very Idea of this. Why has not Madam *d'A*—— ſome Law-Suit upon her Hands to ruin her, or ſome Small Pox to ſpoil her Face? How much ſhould I be obliged to any Accident, that would get me clear of this Buſineſs, without my having any hand in it! for I would neither do it, nor have it ſaid I would not do it. You can't imagine how much I'm alter'd, during the four Days this has been in my Head; I never Thought ſo much before, and I find the Exerciſe don't at all agree with me.

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LETTER XXIV.

To the ſame. *His Joy for his Marriage's being broken off.*

HEavens be praiſed my Marriage is broken off! 'tis true I had ſome hand in doing it, but my Honour is ſaved whole to the Eyes of Men, and I

will truſt none but you with the Secret. I went to viſit Madam *d'A*——, dragged thither againſt my Will by the extraordinary Goodneſs ſhe was pleaſed to ſhew me, trembling, confounded and thunderſtruck by the ſole Thought that Marriage was my Buſineſs. Certainly never did the Modeſty of any young Girl ſuffer ſo much by that Idea. I find that Expreſſion is not ſtrong enough; I'll uſe one that will give you a better Notion of the thing; I was ſo changed that any one who had ſeen me or heard me ſpeak at Madam *d'A*----'s had taken me for a grave ſoberly ſort of a Man. Perhaps ſhe look'd upon this Change as a Mark of my Deſire to pleaſe her, whereas it only ſhewed the extreme Awe I ſtood in of her and all her Merit. At laſt, the Perſon who negociated the Buſineſs, came to me with abundance of Ceremonies, and asked me what I was worth: Upon this I was in great Temptation to ſay my Fortune was leſs than it really was, which is a Trick rarely practiſed in Affairs of this Nature; but ſuch were the Extremities to which I was reduced! The thing was as good as concluded, if I had not prevented it; the Match was ſo advantageous that I could not refuſe it openly,

openly, ſo I thought my ſelf very happy in having an Opportunity to be refuſed my ſelf, by uſing a Stratagem which would never be found out. I play'd the Heroe therefore, and confeſſed my Eſtate was not what it was believed to be. I own I was a little afraid this very Heroickneſs would have touched the Lady: But I truſted to Nature, which is not over-much given to ſuch an Exceſs of Generoſity, and I expected a Refuſal with the greateſt Acknowledgment and Praiſes. This did not fail to happen; but the beſt Jeſt of all is, it ſeems the Lady had calculated whether my Wealth joined to hers would buy ſuch a Place for our eldeſt Son, and ſuch another for our youngeſt, and give ſuch a Portion to a Daughter; for as ſhe is a Woman of great Oeconomy, ſhe has already regulated the Settlements ſhe is to beſtow on her Children by ſecond Marriage, and I don't know whether ſhe has not even regulated the Order the Boys and Girls are to be born in. For my part, I'm the moſt over-joy'd Man in the World to find my ſelf ſo well rid of ſo good a Buſineſs, and I flatter my ſelf that I ſhall never be ſo happy as to have any other ſo Advantageous offer'd to me. The next time

I viſited Madam *d'A*—— I went with all my uſual Gaiety; and now I have no further Thoughts of marrying her, I could like her mighty well; nay, I could fall in Love with her if ſhe pleaſed: 'Tis true ſhe's wiſer than that comes to, but there's nothing that I would not do to ſhew my thanks to her for having refuſed me. I am very much deceived if ſhe has not now ſome new Attractions which ſhe had not before this Refuſal; the very Propoſal of Marriage hinder'd the Birth of all thoſe Charms. Do but admire the Greatneſs of its Virtue.

LETTER XXV.

To Monſieur *de B*****

Upon an Old Woman who had been beaten by her Lover.

WHAT d'ye think? Madam *de* —— whom you thought too old to be ſuch a Lover of Gallantry, triumphs in it notwithſtanding her Fifty Years of Age; ſhe has had an Accident befallen her, much more glorious than ſhe could poſſibly hope for. She has been

been caned by her Lover for ſome Suſpicions of Infidelity, and he was in ſo prodigious a Paſſion, that in going out he broke the Lanthorn which hung in the Entry. She is grown inſufferably proud upon her being ſtill beloved in ſo paſſionate a Manner; ſhe is inceſſantly averring that 'tis the Women's Fault if they are not loved as they ought to be, and that if they had but the Wit to make a right Uſe of their Advantages, there's ne'er a Man in *France* but what they might make run Mad for them. She brags mightily of Monſieur ——— to every body that ſhe admits into her Confidence. She ſays he has charming Irregularities, and that 'tis impoſſible to conceive the Sources of Love and Tenderneſs which are in him. You will eaſily imagine how this Talk ſounds in a broken trembling Voice, and out of a Mouth wherein Teeth begin to grow a Rarity. She thinks her Youth reſtored by the Blows ſhe has ſo fortunately obtained, and ſhe inſults over all her Acquaintance that are of her own Age, upon their not having Merit enough to deſerve a Threſhing. On the other hand, there are ſome that are horribly jealous of it, and leave no Stone unturned to diminiſh the Value of this Beating. One of her Cotem-

Cotemporaries, who envies her Good Fortune, told me that when Mr.——— beat her, he had juſt loſt all his Mony at Play; and that as for the Lanthorn, 'twas broken by a blundering Footboy. Behold the Effects of Envy, and how it loves to take away from every thing that may be an Honour to a Neighbour! Nay, the Men too upbraid poor Mr.——— with his Vivacity, as if he might not employ it upon whom he pleaſed, but were obliged to give the Public an Account of the Age of thoſe he beats. You drub a lovely old Woman in a Tranſport of Love, and every body muſt Cenſure thoſe Blows for their not being beſtowed upon a young Back. 'Tis a ſtrange thing; ſure this Age is grown very ill-humoured. Adieu; let this be a Warning to you, and remember that no Woman above Five and twenty deſerves your Cane.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

To Mademoiſelle *de V* * * * *

When ſhe had the Small Pox, and he had taught her a way to keep her from being pitted.

I Hear with incredible Joy, Madam, that my Remedy takes Effect, and I can't help writing to you to congratulate my ſelf upon it. I only wiſh I were ſuffered to follow my Letter, and venture getting the Diſtemper by coming near your Bed. 'Tis true 'twould be no mighty Venture in me, for I am ſo uſed when I am near you to breath a contagious and very dangerous Air, that I ſhould not be over apprehenſive of the Diſtemper. At moſt I ſhould get but the Small Pox, and tho' it leave the deepeſt Marks of its Fury, made me never ſo light-headed and laſted never ſo long, even whole Years, it would be nevertheleſs the pleaſanteſt part of my Life. Theſe are the Effects you have hitherto produced in me, and I argue upon the Small Pox only with an Eye to another Diſtemper

I have catch'd of you. If you can't gueſs what 'tis, ask your Doctor, and he'll diſcover it from the Symptoms I tell you, and this Billet may ſerve as an inſtructive Memorial for a Conſultation.

LETTER XXVII.

To the ſame. *Upon the great Obligation he had laid upon her by hindering her from being pitted.*

AT length, Madam, your Looking-Glaſs aſſures you of the Truth of my Predictions, and you have the Pleaſure to ſee that you are not at all pitted. Remember you owe to Me the fineſt Complexion in the World; and the Roſes and Lillies of which it is made up belong to me. 'Tis I have preſerved theſe Flowers, 'tis I have cultivated them, and ſhall another have the gathering of them? Nay, perhaps you owe me even your Eyes themſelves, and all our Hearts but too well know what Eyes yours are. As for your Noſe, 'tis certain you are obliged to me for its not being conſiderably ſwelled, and you had

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as good owe it me all. Don't be offended at my giving you ſo exact an Inventory of what you owe me; your Generoſity is not ſo great as to diſpence with this Exactneſs, and though your whole Perſon is at preſent engaged to me, I don't know whether all my Pretentions will ſtand good, and whether I ſhall not find a great many groundleſs ones amongſt them. Don't pretend to ſay that at moſt your Face is all that's obliged to me, and that the reſt was in no danger of being hurt by the ſmall Pox. The Face is all in all; 'tis the Face makes the Woman handſome, and ſtands Security for all that's out of ſight; the Beauty of that even diffuſes it ſelf over all that is not in ſight, and I think a fine Hand has nothing in it charming if it does not belong to a fine Face. Thus he that has a Right to the Face, has a Right to all, and even if mine was confined to that alone, or you beat me down to it, I ſhould indeed be as patient as I could, but then as a Face will ſerve to a great many purpoſes, I would not acquit it of the leaſt thing 'tis capable of. Are you not very much terrified with my Menaces, and ſhould not you rather have choſe to have let the Small Pox do its worſt? at leaſt then your Face, though leſs handſome, would

would have owed nothing to any body. Yet don't be afraid; I'll endeavour to uſe you in ſuch a manner as to give you no cauſe to be ſorry that your Face was not ſpoilt by the Small Pox.

I am ſo very generous, that I have forgot to name one of the moſt conſiderable Articles you are obliged to me for, and muſt be forced to put it here by way of Poſtſcript. I have pulled upon my ſelf the Averſion of all the Fair Ladies that know 'twas my Remedy which ſaved you from being pitted. They had formed mighty Expectations upon your having the Small Pox; they hoped that after you once had gone thro' the Claws of that Diſtemper, your Beauty would have nothing in it Divine, and your Face would only be the Face of a good handſome Mortal as theirs are, for they knew That would be the worſt could befal you. I muſt be forced to hide my ſelf when you come abroad; theſe Women owe me as great a Spite as if it were I my ſelf that outſhone them, and my Condition will be full as bad as if I was a very pretty Lady. What can you think, Madam? Do ye believe I won't be recompenced ſome way or other for the Injuſtice of your whole Sex?

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LETTER XXVIII.

To Monſieur d' A****

A Compliment upon the Death of his Brother-in-Law.

I Believe, Sir, I ſhould do with You upon the Death of your Brother-in-Law, as I have done with your Siſter. Her Husband was a Man of great Merit, very famous in his Profeſſion, ſhe lived comfortably with him; but at length ſhe is become a Widow, and is both very rich and as yet very young. I have never been able to determine whether I ſhould ſend her a Compliment of Condolance or of Congratulation. According to Cuſtom and Decency I ſhould have done the firſt, but Truth put in a Caveat. In this Uncertainty I only ſent her a Blank Paper with my Name at the bottom. She conceived my Meaning, and anſwered me very w[illegible], I think, in theſe nine Words. *In a Month's time I'll fill up your Blank.* Will you give me leave, Sir, to ſend you one of the ſame ſort?

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LETTER XXIX.

To Monſieur *des T* * * * * *

He relates to him the Trouble his Family is in upon account of a Niece who is newly married and will not acquit herſelf of her Duty.

THE Marriage of my Niece, about which you enquire, gives us a Diſturbance which is very ridiculous and yet very ſerious too. I'll venture to impart to you this Family Secret. The little Creature has taken an Averſion to her Husband and abſolutely refuſes to acquit herſelf of the Conjugal Duties. The next Day after the Nuptials we did not fail to go and talk to the Husband the uſual Impertinencies; he received us very coldly, and ſhe on the contrary was never ſo gay in all her Life-time. I could not comprehend the Meaning of this, except the Chagreen of the new-married Man proceeded from the ſecret Reproaches of an ill Conſcience and the young Wife inſulted him; yet then I thought

thought ſhe too ſhould have partaken of his Melancholly. But I was beſide the Mark; ſhe was overjoyed at her having vexed her Husband all the Night-Time. She has one Advantage in her Whimſicalneſs; being married againſt her Inclinations, ſhe takes the greateſt delight in being revenged, and the Succeſs of her Revenge gives her a Gayety which makes her yet more amiable. My Siſter, who is very much given to Devotion, is provoked to the higheſt Degree at ſeeing her Daughter run thus headlong to Damnation, and in ſo particular a manner too, that this very thing makes it more enraging; for you'll find but very few Wives that are guilty of my Niece's Crime. Her Mother has ſent her the beſt Divines in *Paris*, who have gravely exhorted her to eaſe her Conſcience, and proved to her with great Learning and by cogent Quotations that ſhe ought to lie with her Husband: She anſwers with a careleſs Gayety, that this is not a Buſineſs to be decided by Quotations, and hits upon ſuch burleſque Arguments that the Gentlemen have ſometimes much ado to keep in ſo ſerious a ſtrain as becomes them. Their learned Remonſtrances are backed by the tender Careſſes

ſes of the Husband, and ſhe equally reſiſts both theſe Attacks. 'Tis true, there's more to be hoped for from the Arguments of the Doctors, than from the Careſſes of the Husband; he's a Figure that would confirm her in her Reſolution even if Divinity had almoſt ſhaken her out of it. He makes himſelf as lovely as he is able; the Bagnio and the Perfumer have employed their utmoſt Art upon his Perſon, as the Doctors have upon his Wife's Mind, and nothing is come of it yet. However, he has this good Quality, he is not at all diſheartened; but I'm afraid a Husband's Conſtancy is not ſo much to be depended upon as a Lover's. The Right he has to what he demands, and which a Lover has not, is the very thing that ſtands in his way; he'd find it eaſier to obtain what he had no Pretence to. Now don't you think 'twould be more happy for him to be imbarked in an Amour, than in ſo cold and quiet a Marriage?

LETTER XXX.

To the ſame. *The ill Succeſs of a Stratagem he had uſed to bring his Niece to Reaſon.*

I Think my ſelf obliged to confeſs to you the ill Succeſs of a Stratagem I uſed upon my Neice to reduce her to her Duty. We were informed that ſhe meant to conſult a certain *Italian* Aſtrologer, who had been recommended to her by one of her Cronies. I thought it might do ſome good to go to him before her, and bribe him to ſay whatever we put in his Mouth. I went therefore to the Quack, who at firſt ſtood mightily upon his Pantoffles, how he would ſay nothing but what he read in the Stars; but a little Gratification made him alter the Text in that Part of the great Book of Heaven wherein my Niece's Deſtiny is written. As ſhe has a great deal of Wit, I imagin'd we muſt trick her artfully, and therefore I bid the Aſtrologer tell her that ſhe ſhould certainly have a great many Children. I thought this falſe Prediction would make her deſpair of being long able to reſiſt her Husband,

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and ſubmit to the Decrees of Fate; but ſhe has interpreted it quite differently from what I imagined. I ſhall have Children, ſays ſhe; now 'tis certain I ſhan't have any by this Man; I ſhall have a great many too; it follows therefore that I ſhall ſhortly be a Widow, and from thence ſhe concludes that ſhe has not long to reſiſt and defend herſelf, and ſo is grown more obſtinate than ever. Even that very thing furniſhes her with an Anſwer to thoſe who argue againſt her as to Conſcience; for ſhe promiſes them that in time ſhe'll do Penance for her Sin; and when 'tis repreſented to her that ſhe may die before her Huſband, ſhe only ſmiles with an Air of Confidence founded upon the Stars. This Penance with a ſecond Husband pleaſes her mightily, and ſhe is ſo inclined to be good, that ſhe don't care how ſoon ſhe's at Liberty to work out her Salvation. Her Converſion according to her reckoning will be very ſincere, and there's nothing but what ſhe will do to make it irreproachable. She has told me the Prediction as a Secret, and to undeceive her I have owned my ſelf the Author of it, nay I have made the Conjurer himſelf confeſs it to her, but ſhe thinks we would put the Change upon her,

her, and ſticks to the firſt Report of the Stars. The poor Husband has half loſt his Senſes about it, and I believe he'll ſhortly go to conſult ſome Conjurer about the Rebellion of his Wife. Thus both Heaven and Hell will hear of this Affair: and I don't know what They'll think of it, but on Earth here I'm ſure 'twill be only turned to a Jeſt. The poor Husbands are made ridiculous though they're not at all in Fault, whenever their Wives think fit to have them ſo. Here's one that diſhonours hers out of Exceſs of Chaſtity, which is a new Invention. Don't ye think the Women, in order to be revenged for certain inconvenient Laws which the Men have impoſed upon them, have made other Laws by which they can transfer upon the Men the Shame of their own criminal Actions?

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

To the ſame. *How his Niece's having Vapours has reduced her to her Duty.*

MY Niece's Marriage is a Source of comical Accidents. She has been ſeized with cruel Vapours, which give her mighty diſagreeable Viſions, ſuch as Death's Heads and Coffins: All the Phyſicians ſhe has conſulted preſcribe her Husband. She at firſt rejected the Preſcription, and earneſtly entreated them to find out ſome other Remedy. We told her there was no other, that ſhe muſt not expect a Medicine to be agreeable, and that her very Diſguſt for it was a Preſage of the good Effects it would have. For my Part, I offer'd her the Addreſſes and Services of a Lover after thoſe of her Husband, as one takes a Bit of Sugar after a Doſe of Phyſick to put the Taſte out of one's Mouth. The encreaſing of the Vapours has ſtrengthen'd our Arguments, and at length after two Years Marriage comes the Wedding Night. The Husband is raviſhed with Joy, too happy in having been taken as

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a Med'cin, and by the Preſcription of the Faculty. All that troubles him is his being ſo good a Med'cin, and having cured the Vapours too ſoon; he is afraid he ſhall be no longer neceſſary, and I ſhrewdly ſuſpect that he t'other Day ſeriouſly enquir'd of a skilful Phyſician if it was not poſſible to give Folks Vapours when they have none; I'll ſearch further into the Truth of this Suſpicion. On the other ſide, the little Woman is aſhamed of being cured, ſhe almoſt wiſhes for her Diſtemper again, and would be very glad could ſhe upbraid her Huſband that he was never of any Uſe to her; perhaps ſhe is uneaſie at ſeeing him Triumph upon his Succeſs. Of all the diſpleaſing Viſions ſhe was diſturbed with, there now only remains her Huſband, who unfortunately is more laſting than thoſe ſhe had in her Vapours, and more hard to be got rid of. Mean time, ſhe thinks herſelf already with Child, and reflecting upon the Courſe of this Adventure, ſhe has conceived a higher Eſteem than ever for her Aſtrologer. To foretell that ſhe ſhould have a great many Children, without ſpeaking a word of Widowhood! 'Tis wonderful; for as ſhe was then diſpos'd, there was not the leaſt likelihood, and had it not been for

all thoſe Death's Heads and thoſe Coffins, her Husband had never been any thing to her. Is it poſſible for the Stars to be ſo knowing? She plainly ſees I deceived her when I pretended to be the Author of the Prediction, and now I own I did ſo, for the good of the thing. She'll certainly give her ſelf wholly up to the Stars and to her Husband; ſhe muſt have Children to ſatisfie the Stars which have decreed it. She told one of his Friends t'other Day, boaſting of her Aſtrologer, that no Incredulity can hold out againſt the particular and unlikely things he had foretold her. Let this take but vent, and there needs no more to turn the Heads of two or three hundred Women, and make the Fortune of an ignorant Quack, who had no farther hand in it than by making uſe of a Falſity which another had put into his Head.

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LETTER XXXII.

To Monſieur *de L****

Upon the Marriage of a Man, who had always profeſs'd a Contempt of Woman-kind.

I Promiſed to let you hear ſomething of *R*----'s Marriage. I can't tell whether I was prejudiced, and imagined beforehand that he was really as he ought to be, but to me he look'd confounded, and almoſt aſhamed of being married. He is in the right to be ſo; he loſes all the Glory of the Bravadoes he had made about Women, and of the numerous Jeſts he had broke upon Marriage. He would fain have broke ſome more upon it, but he did it with ſo ſcurvy an Air, and in ſo humbled a Tone, that we pitied the poor Man. He is now convinced that he's frail, nay more frail than any body elſe; he ruins himſelf for a little Woman, who is indeed pretty, but I hardly believe ſhe'll be duly ſenſible of the Obligation ſhe has to him. And why ſhould he declaim againſt Women before he

was ſixty Years old? Nay even then 'twould be rather too ſoon. Why ſhould he pretend not to eſteem them, when he knew himſelf capable of loving them? 'Tis not by Eſteem that they take Men; they need not care whether Mens Reflections are againſt them, ſo their Complexion is for them. If I were in *R*---'s place, and were as much engaged in Honour as he is never to marry, I ſhould hate a pretty Woman, only for having married her. The Condition of poor *R*— is ſo much the more miſerable, as, in order to ſave his Reputation, the Lady muſt be a Heroine at all Points. She has Beauty, but ſhe muſt have Wit too: He won't come off as others do with a little Shame only if ſhe carries on Intrigues; he muſt expect That even if her Wit is not like an Angel's, and his Honour is equally concerned in both. I ſhould not care to be forced to warrant ſo many Perfections in a Wife. The ſame Diſturbance it would give another to hear ſome Story of his Wife which he did not like, it gives him when he does not hear Madam *de R*---- commended ſo much as he could wiſh. Do you know any Man more married than this? If ſhe looks upon any of the Lovers ſhe can't fail to have with an

Eye

Eye of Pity, how ridiculous muſt it make the Husband? twice, thrice, a hundred times as ridiculous as any other! What a ſhow'r of Raillery muſt he endure! I tremble for him. Dear Friend, let us never entertain a Diſreſpect for Womankind in general, nor for Marriage, nor for any thing they may be concerned in. We are too liable to their Revenge.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Monſieur *de B*****

Upon a Husband, who when he had the Gout, converted his Wife from Gallantry.

I Fancy you'll have much ado to believe the Story I am going to tell you. A Man, whoſe Wife had ſome Gallantries a-foot, fell very ill of the Gout, and one Day he ſpoke to her to the following purpoſe. *You know, Madam, I have been a very eaſie Husband; I never before reminded you of my being ſo, and even that is a Proof of it. You can't*

but believe I knew what paſſed between you and ſuch and ſuch, whom he named to her. *Ah! Sir*, cried the Lady bluſhing and very much confounded, *you have been miſinformed. Don't interrupt me*, replyed he, with the ſame Calmneſs *Auguſtus* ſhews in that beautiful Scene between him and *Cinna* in the beginning of the fifth Act; and indeed this is very like it. *I know all your Affairs; I am not ſo little concerned in them as to be ignorant of them: But this is not what I have to ſay. Hitherto you have followed the common Road of young Women, I don't wonder at it, 'tis no more than what I expected. But you laid an Obligation on your Lovers when you had a Husband who perhaps was inferior to them in nothing; I don't doubt you let them know the Preference you gave them, and had ſo much Cunning as to mix in your Favours a certain Air of Dignity, which always gained you Eſteem. But now this is over; I am very much troubled with the Gout; your Lovers will believe you cannot do without them; you have now no Husband to make them a Sacrifice of; they'll be wanting in their Reſpect to you; they'll uſe you like the Wife of a Gouty Fellow: I can ſay no more. Take time to conſider; if you'd take my Advice, break off theſe Intreigues, they will no longer ſit well*

well upon you. The Advice I give you can never be more diſintereſted; I am Gouty and have nothing more to do with the World. She would fain have made Anſwer and denied all, but he only laughed at her, and bid her conſider of what he had ſaid. Do you know the Effect it has had upon her? She has fairly pack'd off all her Gallants, who expected quite the contrary, and I believe that this was the firſt time that ever a Husbands's having the Gout, clear'd his Houſe of Lovers; it was more likely here to make it rain Lovers. This is one of that ſort of Accidents which it is impoſſible to foreſee. The Sparks never thought of putting up Prayers for the Husband's Health, tho' that would have done 'em more Service than any thing. If you ask how I come to know this Adventure, in a Romance I might get off by popping ſomebody behind the Hangings, but when I ſee you, I'll tell you ſomething better than ſo, but I don't care to put it in Writing. I don't know what you'll think of this, but for my part, I can't help admiring the extraordinary good Senſe of the Husband. So long as his Wife had only the Duties of a Wife to perform for him, he ſuffered her to be ſhared, ſhe was ne'er the worſe for it;

but he grows infirm; his Wife muſt be his Nurſe, a Nurſe can never do her Duty if ſhe is ſhared among many; and thus he has found a way to have his Wife to himſelf, when he had brought her to take that Quality. He regains her, not by the ordinary Caprice of Jealouſie, but by very ſolid Reaſons, which 'tis to be wiſhed all Husbands would wait for, before they pretend to rob the Gallant World of their Wives. We ſhould be ſo juſt as to yield them up when they had ſuch Reaſons to urge, but one does not know how to yield to thoſe they generally act upon: And indeed 'tis ſeldom found that they are much heeded. The above-mentioned Lady now ſpends whole Days by her Husband's Bed-ſide, and I have conceived ſo great an Eſteem for him, that I believe he makes the Lady relate her Amours to him, and laughs at them with her.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

To Monſieur *de S*****

He informs him of his having left a Woman whom he loved, becauſe ſhe was continually playing at Baſſet.

I Wonder you ſhould be ſurprized at my having broken off Correſpondence with Madam *d'H——*: you don't conſider the faithleſs Trick ſhe has play'd me; you don't conſider that ſhe's run mad after Gaming. That plaguy Baſſet is come to finiſh the unpeopling the Empire of Love, which was before thin enough; this is the greateſt Scourge that the cœleſtial Indignation can ſend againſt it. How many People that had bore up againſt the Diſeaſe of Ombre; have been ſwept away by Baſſet? Madam *de H——* is unfortunately one of that number. The Moment this Game appeared, my Love took the Alarm; for Lovers, you know, are very delicate. My Heart miſgave me; I beg'd the Lady to make Oaths againſt it, and made her pronounce Imprecations upon herſelf,

which would make your Hair ſtand an end if I durſt repeat them to you, and here eight Days afterwards ſhe grows paſſionately fond of Baſſet; ſhe is never to be found but in an infernal Circle, where a Dozen of Demons and as many Furies with Countenances all enflamed and fiery Eyes, are attentive upon a ſort of magical Operation which paſſes before them; were it only for the Uglineſs ſhe is bringing upon herſelf, 'twould force me to leave her. Her Complexion, which uſed to be ſo fine, is now ſo much alter'd that you would hardly know her. One fifteen Days at Baſſet has ſpoilt it more, and made it yellower, than fifteen Children, or fifteen Years would have done, and this Game may be called *the Art of growing old in a ſhort time*. I have viſited her at times, when I need not fear finding her at Baſſet; 'tis true ſhe was alone, but ſhe had Baſſet Cards before her, and ſhe was profoundly meditating upon the Courſe of them. She look'd on me with a frightful ſtare, and I could get nothing from her but *Alpiu* and *ſept & le va*; what words are theſe in Love! Do you be Judge whether 'tis poſſible for any Man's Conſtancy to hold out againſt this: I had rather have had a Rival that I might have plagued

plagued a thouſand ways; but how can I be revenged upon Baſſet? I muſt give up to it the Woman I love, without ever hoping to reſent it. This is the moſt provoking thing in the World. All I can do, is to take for my Rival an ungainly ſort of a Fellow unknown to me, who comes every Morning to Madam *d'H*——'s, and receives Notes from her, by means of which ſhe is ſure of his Company all the Afternoon. Such a Man is but a queer ſort of a Rival; but however he'll ſerve to put ſome Trick upon when one's in an ill Humour.

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LETTER XXXV.

To the ſame. *Upon the Lady's being forced to leave off Baſſet, and take Aſſes Milk; and how ſhe endeavour'd to get him again.*

I Am revenged of Madam *d'H*---- She has had very great Loſſes, and has ſo heated herſelf at Play, that her Phyſician has condemned her to Aſſes Milk. Being thus ſick and empty-pocketted, ſhe endeavours to recall me; her Houſe

is

is grown very quiet again, and if I will, the two moſt aſſiduous Perſons at it, ſhall be the Aſs in the Morning, and Me at Night. But I am doubtful whether I ſhall return to her or no; her Head turned the Moment Baſſet preſented it ſelf before her ſhe ſudenly left me in the lurch, and if I find her again grown calm, 'tis owing to the Aſſes Milk. Really this Idea makes me very uneaſie. She'd have been ſtark mad if there had been no Aſſes in the World. As for Beauty, 'tis certain, that without their help ſhe might take her leave of it. I ſhould be inclined to ſtay 'till the Milk of that poor Beaſt is changed into the Lillies and Roſes which form the Face of a Goddeſs, but if ſhe frets her-ſelf at my not returning to her at the firſt Summons, the Aſſes Milk will do no good; thus after all, I believe it will be the beſt way to endeavour to make her join her own Forces with thoſe of that charitable Animal, who is not ſo much concerned in it as I am. If we ſucceed, ſhe will grow once more very lovely, eſpecially when the ſoft Ideas of Love have reſumed their place in her Mind, and driven out the ridiculous Agi-tation Baſſet had produced in it.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mademoiſelle *d'Her* * * * *

Adviſing her to be married ſecretly to the Marquis de la F----

I Am told, my dear Couſin, that you are in very great Perplexity, though you have not the leaſt Cauſe to be ſo. Pray where lies the Difficulty? The Marquis *de la F*—— would marry you ſecretly, and your Virtue forſooth won't allow it. You'd have the Banes asked three Times with a loud and audible Voice, afterwards Betrothings in form, and then a Wedding to which all the Relations may come and talk impertinently: Faith I think you are turned Fool. There are a great many honeſt People that marry upon a bare Promiſe; ſometimes upon Letters which are ſubject to a different Interpretation and ſometimes upon nothing at all, after the Example of the Golden Age, in which Men could neither write nor read, and when they were forced to do without a Contract. As for

for you, you ſhall have both a Contract and a Prieſt, and what can you deſire more? If it were my Caſe, I ſhould think that too much. Would you for the ſake of a Ceremony endanger an Eſtate of ten thouſand Livres a Year, which the Marquis may loſe by that old Fool his Aunt, (who mortally hates you) if ſhe did but know he had married you? 'Tis a very ſurprizing Punctilio of Virtue to be againſt a ſecret Marriage, when I ſhould think 'twould be much more ſhocking to be three Times proclaimed in a Church, where 'tis declared to all the World that at ſuch a time you mean to make Mr. ſuch a one the Maſter of your Perſon. How will you dare to ſhew your Head after this? How will you be able to bear the Looks of honeſt People who will know to a tittle the licentious Actions you mean to do, or which you have done already? Be more modeſt; you don't thorowly know the Thing in Diſpute, and that makes you ſo deſirous to have it publiſh'd; but if once you knew it, I don't think you'd care that any body ſhould believe you capable of it; at leaſt I don't think you could be able to declare it to a Man of ſo venerable a Character as that of a Prieſt; you'd let none but the Marquis into the Secret, becauſe he'd

be

be the moſt likely Man in the World to forgive your Frailties. Give us leave therefore to ſet you right in this Point, and hinder you from committing that piece of Aſſurance of being married in the ſight of all the World. You'll now be Madam *de la F*---- and yet be called Mademoiſelle *d' Her*----- You'll ſtill be of the amiable Band of Virgins, who will look like your ſelf and perhaps be ſo too. You need not underſtand certain Things which indiſcreet Fellows ſometimes blurt out, and you may be allowed to bluſh at them: Whereas if your Marriage were declared, you muſt aſſume an Air leſs innocent and more knowing. In ſhort, you may keep all the Preciſeneſs of a Maid; this will be a delicious Thing to you, for Modeſty naturally loves Affectation, and how is it poſſible it ſhould not love it? 'Tis ſometimes obliged to it for being what it is. Now this you may uſe with regard to Mr. *de la F*------himſelf; you'll be half a Maid to him, and while you are not called by his Name, you'll have ſome ſort of Right to be more compoſed and reſerved towards him. Sure theſe Ragouſts of Virtue muſt tempt you. But, my dear Kinſwoman, what ought to be more deciſive in this Affair is the E-

ſtate

ſtate of the old Aunt; you'll have ten thouſand Livres a Year more only for forbearing a little while to be called by the Name of the Marchioneſs *de la F*--- though you'll do all the Duties of it. I fancy there are ſome would accept the Offer, even though they were to do the Duties all their Life-time without being ever called by the Name.

LETTER XXXVII.

To the ſame. *To congratulate her upon her Secret Marriage.*

SERIOUSLY, my dear Kinſwoman, I can't help thinking you but too happy in your Clandeſtine Marriage. You are of ſuch a Humour that you never have had a Taſte of Gallantry, and now with all your Virtue you are imbarked in one ſort of Gallantry. You know how pleaſant, and how hard it is to get an Interview, and how many Precautions you are forced to take. You have the Pleaſure to receive in your Chamber a Man whom you have impatiently expected all Day, who you ſometimes

times fear'd could never be able to ſurmount the Obſtacles he met with, for whom you had with your own Hand left a door half open, and, which is beſt of all, a Man who enters without Noiſe, treads ſoftly, and does not look like the Maſter of the Houſe. Sure you were wrapt up in your Mother's Smock to be thus bleſt with theſe Delights without departing from thoſe ſevere Rules of Wiſdom you profeſs, that is, to make the Charms of Virtue and Libertiniſm accord together. What you ought moſt to fear is the Death of the old Aunt; 'tis true you'll get ten thouſand Livres a Year by it; but will They make amends for the Loſs of the Marquis, and for your ceaſing to be any longer reſtrained? A ſecret Marriage is leſs a Marriage, and conſequently the moſt pleaſant; you'll but too ſoon be in a full open Marriage, where you'll have time enough to lament your former Condition; then you'll know the Flatneſs, the Uneaſineſs, the reciprocal Yawnings, and all the other Fruits of ſuch uncontrolled Liberty; and you'll wiſh with all your Heart that you were able to raiſe the old Aunt from the Grave. Could She ever believe ſhe ſhould be of ſo much Service to one ſhe loves ſo little as ſhe does you? She'd

hang

hang her ſelf if ſhe knew it. This makes me reflect upon the Miſery of old Age; when ones old, one is always the Cully of young Folks. This poor Woman, who wiſhes you nothing but harm, has even in her Life-time made you carry on a Commerce of Gallantry, the Pleaſures of which you never deſerved; and after her Death, to continue ſtill to be your Cully, ſhe will leave you ten thouſand Livres a Year. She's well holp up!

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the Marquiſs *de la F..* ****

Of the Birth of two Children at one time, which diſcovered the Marriage.

THE Accident, Sir, which has happened to You, or rather to the Marchioneſs *de la F*---, is the moſt comical I ever heard. The greateſt Precaution was taken to conceal her being with Child, never did young Woman ſuffer more than my poor Couſin; at laſt the Nurſe is hired, a Journey is taken into

to the Country under Pretences which had exhauſted all your Invention to find out, and here come two Boys at once into the World and break all your Meaſures. They are both reſolved to ſtay a little upon Earth; one Nurſe can't do for both, and by looking out for a ſecond the Secret flies round the Village; this is the moſt burleſque Misfortune that ever happened. Ought you not to have remembred that a private Marriage is not like a common Marriage, and that Children come in it by twos? If the King had a Mind to People his Kingdom he ſhould ſuffer no Marriages to be publick; if it were ſo, I believe we ſhould hardly have any Girls at all born; 'tis very likely you'll have none 'till after the Death of your Aunt, and then may be you may have but one Child at a time; but 'till then the Virtue of Privacy in Marriage muſt operate: This Privacy being in Danger by the unexpected Fruitfulneſs of Madam *de la F*---- you were very much in the right in being beforehand with your Aunt, and telling her that Mademoiſelle *d'Her*---- had had a little Intriegue with the Chevalier --- She the more readily gives into this Story upon Account of the Averſion ſhe has to her, and when ſhe is once

pre-

prepoſſeſſed, ſhe'll never do her the Honour as long as ſhe lives to believe ſhe can be marry'd to You. The poor Marchioneſs has the worſt of it; her Modeſty ought to be very well hardened to Labour: A clandeſtine Marriage; two Children at a time; the Diſgrace of having an Intriegue with the Chevalier---- which perhaps will be believed by ſome People; this is a frightful deal to undergo all at once. Sure there's ſome unlucky Devil that takes Delight in plaguing thoſe that ſtand ſo much upon Virtue, and he plays them ſuch Tricks as theſe; I own too he's very much fear'd, and there are but few who deſerve to lye under his Laſh. What does my Couſin now get by all her Modeſty? Does not ſhe ſee it diſhonoured by the Chevalier----who has no Hand in doing it, and who yet is ſo vain that when he comes to hear of it he'll further it as much as poſſible? If I were in your Place I ſhou'd be afraid the Marchioneſs wou'd in time take a Diſtaſte to Virtue. But as 'twas by that ſhe chiefly gained your Heart, ſhe'll hardly ever be able to quit it.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

To Mademoiſelle d' Her.

Upon her contributing to diſcover her own Marriage.

YOUR Husband makes a great many Complaints of you, and really I think he has Cauſe. He ſays you don't act the Part of a Maid well at all, and that 'tis eaſie to ſee you have had two Children; that others who have had as many look ſo that no Body would believe any ſuch Matter, and therefore he thinks he muſt ſend you to School to them for a little of their Inſtructions. I find ſince a Report has been ſpread of your having had an Intriegue, you are deſirous to have it believed you are marry'd; but why need you care? Your Honour now is not yours, 'tis your Husband's, and that makes a great many Wives entirely liſtleſs in their Conduct, becauſe what they do is placed to their Husband's Account and not to their own. But you ſay no Body knows that you have a Huſ-

Husband. 'Twill be known in time, and 'till that time comes, if I were you I ſhould take Pleaſure in enjoying the Advantages of a doubtful Reputation, in converſing equally with virtuous Ladies who think you marry'd, and Coquets who do not. You may be of both theſe Worlds, if you will, 'till your Marriage is declared; for when that's once done, the Coquets will grow weary of you, and that will be a Loſs to you, for really their World is beſt after all. If you had any Charity in you you'd conſider there are ſome frail tender-hearted Ladies who flatter themſelves that you are not marry'd, and by your Example are conforted for a Fruitfulneſs which perhaps may not be ſo great as yours; don't grudge them this Conſolation, by giving too many Hints that you are the Marquiſs's Wife; 'tis believed enough already, and People are ſufficiently inclined to do you Juſtice. The Chevalier---- himſelf, on whom the Marquiſs happen'd to think of fathering the two Children, tho' he was very well pleaſed with the Report, and receiv'd it with an Air of Shame that might confirm it, durſt not play the Part too long; he has conſider'd that this Buſineſs cannot be long doubtful, that you behave your ſelf in

ſuch

ſuch a Manner that 'tis impoſſible his Vanity can be ſoothed by it to any Purpoſe, and that ſome *Ecclairciſement* may come not very pleaſing to thoſe who ſo readily adopted another Man's Children; and for theſe Reaſons he begins to deny it ſtoutly, and in the Tone of one that denies what he would not have People believe. Rely upon the good Opinion the World has of you, and don't take ſo much Pains to encreaſe it. You may thank your Stars, that the old Aunt, notwithſtanding all your Imprudence, has taken it in her Head to believe you have an Intriegue with the Chevalier--- and are not her Niece: But don't continue in this unwiſe Conduct; be a little at eaſe without piquing your ſelf too much upon Modeſty; you may afterwards have as much as you pleaſe. What will you be when you have given the Reins to all your Virtue!

LETTER

LETTER XL.

To Mademoiſelle *de V* * * * *

Upon what Dreſs ſhe ſhould be painted in.

I Have done nothing theſe three Days, Madam, but ſtudy upon the Queſtion you did me the Honour to conſult me in, and I can find out no Dreſs but what will either adorn you or be adorned by you, but there are many more of the latter Sort than of the former. Yet I own ſome would become you better than other ſome: I'm not for having you painted like an *Amazon*; you look too mild; nor like a Shepherdeſs; you look too ſcornful: I have thought of a Dreſs which has none of the Inconveniences that are to be found in the others, and that is to have you painted like an *Iroqueſe*. If you don't know what ſort of a Dreſs that is, enquire and you may learn. I own 'tis a Dreſs that is very hard to look well in, and there are very few Women that it would become; but don't you trouble your ſelf for that; I'll engage it ſhall become you. 'Tis very

very gallant, and at the ſame time very ſimple; two Qualities rarely to be met with in one and the ſame Suit: Theſe *Iroqueſes* know how to dreſs to Advantage. I have invented a thing which may ſerve as a ſort of an Ornament to the Picture; as the *Iroqueſe* Women, no leſs than their Husbands, take delight in eating Human Fleſh, it would not be improper to ſet before you a dozen or two of Hearts, and you ſhall be eating one or two of them by way of Amuſement: This will agree both with the Figure of an *Iroqueſe*, and with your Character. This, Madam, is the moſt genteel, and at the ſame time the moſt proper thing I could imagine; I own I am mighty fond of the Thought, which is ſomething uncommon, and I believe you'll be ſo too when you have conſidered well of it.

LETTER XLI.

To the ſame. *Upon her being painted like* Flora.

I Muſt needs own, Madam, next to the Figure of an *Iroqueſe* which I had choſen for you, that which beſt ſuits you is that of *Flora*, which the Painter gives you. You are very worthy of the Empire of Flowers, and we ſhould be very happy if you would be content with that, and not reign over any thing but Roſes and Violets. Is not your Lover *Zephyrus* too to be painted in the ſame Picture? Sure you muſt like him; he's fit only for inconſiderable Offices, ſuch as can never alarm you; the greateſt Diſorder he can put you into, will be the ruffling your Hair a little, or at leaſt the making your Gown fly about and gliding cunningly between that and your Body; but as he will do this without any Scandal, and will hardly at all appear there, I don't ſee how you can take it ill. Since you have often ſaid you are not for a Subſtantial

ſtantial Lover, *Zephyrus* is juſt ſuch a one as you could wiſh. Yet when you have had to do with ſo frivolous a God for ſome time, I hope you'll deſcend to ſimple Mortals, tho' they be a little more earthly. I'm impatient to know how well your Painter will do your Picture; 'tis a bold Undertaking, there are ſo many Charms in your Face, that there ought to be a Picture for each of them in particular; one for Sweetneſs; another for Awefulneſs; one for the Simplicity which there is in your Air; another for the Artfulneſs that ſhines in it: But to pretend to paint them all together! Sweetneſs, Awefulneſs, Simplicity, Artfulneſs, *&c*! I don't think 'tis poſſible to do it; I can hardly conceive how Nature her ſelf was able to make ſo happy a Mixture, nor how ſhe could ſo well proportion the Doſe of each Charm. She'd find it hard to do the like again. A Painter will find it much harder to imitate them; whilſt he is endeavouring to hit one of thoſe unſpeakable Perfections you are Miſtreſs of, another will eſcape him: His Pencil will certainly leave ſome of them unobſerved, whereas there is not one of them but what my Heart has too much felt the force of. There's nothing in the World but that, that keeps an

exact Account of all your Charms, but the Employment is ſomething dangerous.

LETTER XLII.

To the ſame. *The Effect her Picture had upon a* German *Lord.*

DID not I ſay there was ſome part of the Charms of your Face which would never ſuffer themſelves to be painted? I know them very well; they are not ſo eaſily governed, there's no doing with them as one would. Yet I am told your Painter brags mightily of the Effect his ſhewing your Picture has had, and pretends 'tis wonderful well done, becauſe the Envoy of —— fell in Love with you upon ſight of it. This is no ſuch mighty Wonder; a *German* would be very much in the wrong if he did not yield to the tenth part of your Charms, and if you muſt be forced to employ them all againſt him. He is now very aſſiduous about you, and very much ſmitten; you need only ſend your Picture into all the Courts of *Europe*, and you'll

ſee

ſee Envoys ſent from all Parts only upon your Account, whereas this Man came at firſt upon Negociations, which 'tis very likely he will forget ſince he has ſeen you. I hear talk of a Deſign he has to make you Madam Embaſſadreſs; I declare if he pretends to do it, I'll ſhew your Picture to the Embaſſadors of *Morocco*, that they may demand you for the King their Maſter, and ſo lay a Rub in the way of your Marriage with t'other. Your Beauty is ſo much of all Nations, that I don't doubt its having the ſame Effect upon the *Africans* as the *Germans*. Should not you take pleaſure in vexing the whole *Seraglio* of the King of *Morocco*, and making three or four hundred Wives entirely uſeleſs to him? You love to be miſchievous, and that would be ſo with a Vengeance; 'twould be better to do that, than to make your ſelf a *German* Lady.

LETTER XLIII.

To the ſame. *Upon her having fallen from off her Horſe at hunting.*

WHY ſhould I tell a Lye? I own I can't be ſorry for the little Accident that happened to you at hunting. 'Twill ſerve to ſhew you that chaſte *Diana* will have none of you. 'Tis indeed a Shame to be refuſed by ſo ſage a Goddeſs; but ever ſince *Caliſto*, who as ſhe was bathing was unfortunately diſcovered to have a Waſte ſomething plumper than was decent, *Diana* has reſolved to receive no pretty Nymphs into her Train, becauſe ſhe thinks none of them are to be truſted; ſhe would not accept of you, and ſo gave you to underſtand you were not for her Turn. *Venus*, on the other hand, not being ſo virtuous and unſociable, ſtretches out her Arms to you in a ſmiling agreeable manner. With her you need not fear Bruiſes or Falls from a Horſe: Indeed ſhe may ſometimes make you keep your Bed; there's ſome Trouble in every thing: but then when you keep your Bed

Bed upon her ſcore, ſhe'll have given you ſomething beforehand to Comfort you; whereas if *Diana* you gave all the Veniſon in her whole Empire, it would not make you amends for the Inconveniencies you now lye under. If you took my Advice you'd quit this Trade; you're by no means made for it. I wiſh you could have ſeen how you prepared your ſelf for hunting, on that unhappy Day when you went to't. You had ſummon'd up all your Charms, both natural and acquired; you had aſſumed a Briſkneſs which was inexpreſſibly charming; you had redoubled the Brightneſs of your Eyes, as if there had been occaſion for all this to catch a poor Hare. But this was owing to your being skilled in only one ſort of Hunting, and your imagining that what had done with Men would do too with Beaſts. Be ſatisfied with the firſt ſort of Captures, and ſtudy only that. You may catch every Man of Merit in a whole Aſſembly, without being brought home in a Coach all bruiſed and battered, as you were t'other Day from that curſed Hunting, where you caught nothing.

LETTER XLIV.

To the ſame. *Upon the Curing her Bruiſes.*

I Don't doubt, Madam, 'tis a great Comfort to you in your Illneſs, to have ſo careful a Doctor as------He was not contented with inſpecting the Side on which you fell; he would abſolutely look upon t'other too, to ſee if that had no Bruiſes by a Counter-blow, and Heaven be praiſed it had none; but yet this ſhews him very exact. For my part, I ſhould adviſe all that are young and handſome to take this Phyſician. I don't know what he'll demand for curing your Bruiſes, but I think the very ſight of them is Pay enough. I'll make him give me an account of ſome Particularities about your Body, for I believe no Mortal Man beſides can do it. 'Tis very probable you did not bind him very ſtrictly to Secrecy; you are too beautiful to need to do ſo: and if you had done it never ſo ſtrictly, you are too beautiful for ſuch a Secret to be kept long. Not that I have any occaſion to be

be very desirous of such an Account from an ocular Witness; I need only look upon the *Venus* of *Medicis*, and 'tis all one as if I look'd upon you. I have heard one thing which I own I could never have believed; I could not imagine how in those Parts that were scratched there could ever come another Skin so charming as that which was there before; for how, thought I, can Nature twice together make a Skin so well as that was made? Yet they assure me the second is full as white as the first was: your Beauty is very *opiniatre*, and Proof against all Accidents. God forgive me, but I believe if you lost an Eye, you'd have another full as charming come in the room of it. For the future, Madam, do whatever you think fit; return to hunting, mount on Horseback, fall off as often as you will; so your Life is not endangered, your Beauty's safe as long as you live. If there had been any Scars and Seams left by this Mischance, no doubt they would have had their Agreeableness.

LETTER XLV.

To Monſieur *de F* * * * *

Upon an ugly Governor who was courted by all the Ladies in his Government.

IN proſecuting my little Journey, I paſſed through the Government of our Friend------- and he deſired me to remember him to you. You'll hardly know how to believe it, but he's the *Adonis* of the whole Town; and what pleaſes me moſt of all, he has ſo much Senſe as to be ſurpriſed at it himſelf. All the Women, dazzled with the Luſtre of his Dignity, are continually throwing Sheeps Eyes at him; and as he has never been at all ſpoilt by thoſe of *Paris*, he laughs heartily at ſeeing himſelf grown ſo ſuddenly the Delight of the Fair. There is in the Town a certain Man that ſets up for a fine Gentleman, and but for that he'd be well enough; this Man, before the Arrival of his Excellency the Governor, made prodigious Havock amongſt the Women; but ſince that time the handſome Man is every where

where ridiculed and laughed at, to encourage the frightful Governour not to fear him. He, in the mean time, makes a very pleaſant Figure; Love had never any place in his Eſteem; Raillery is his predominant Paſſion, and he is as like an Ape within as he is without. The Ladies make Advances to him, and he avoids them becauſe of his Uglineſs, which, he ſays, will not permit him to raiſe either his Thoughts or Looks up to ſuch handſome Women; and he confeſſes to them with an affected Plainneſs, that he could never obtain any thing from any but her Ladyſhip the Governeſs, who is yet more diſagreeable than himſelf. Upon this they talk in general Terms againſt Beauty in Men, and 'tis even ſaid that when a very pretty Creature had been ſo ſimple as to tell him bluſhing and with a downcaſt Look, that he was not ſo frightfully ugly, he affirmed he was, and proved it to her by numbring up all his Defects. He ſhewed me a Lady that thinks ſhe has a particular Right to him, becauſe ſhe was Miſtreſs to the preceding Governor: he ſays ſhe ſtill retains a Haughtineſs in what ſhe does from her former Elevation, and lets him know that the others, not being trained up like her to the Affairs of Government,

Government, do not deſerve him. But the others urge that very Argument to ſhut her out from the Rank to which ſhe aſpires; and they often inſinuate to his Excellency, that ſhe has nothing to give him but the Leavings of his Predeceſſor. This is a pleaſant Diſpute between all theſe handſome Ladies for ſo ugly a Fellow, and for one too that only laughs at them! I wiſh you had been at the Converſations he and I have had together about it over a Bottle. I never knew his burleſque Style ſo ſharp as 'tis now. 'Twas impoſſible to have given him a better Reward for his Services, than the ſending him amongſt theſe crack-brain'd Creatures, who afford him ample Matter for Mirth. None but the Men have any Wit in this Country, for I have not heard of one of them that has been deſirous of the Honour of being in Love with the Governeſs: They have no ſuch noble Ambition.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

To Monſieur *de la S****

Upon a Man that was going to retire for the reſt of his Life into the Country with his Wife, whom he was very fond of and had but lately married.

WON'T you hinder our Friend from committing the Folly he is preparing for? I can't help being very much concerned for him for your ſake. What! Becauſe he has ſurmounted all the Obſtacles that lay in the way of his Marriage, and does at length poſſeſs the fair one, muſt he break off Acquaintance with all the World, and fly into the Country, reſolved to ſpend his Life there with her alone, and jealous of ſharing the ſight of her with others! May not the moſt adorable Object be very well enjoyed in the midſt of *Paris*? Let him ſtay four or five Years longer, and if then he think Retreat and Solitude neceſſary for the compleater Poſſeſſion of his Happineſs, we will give him leave to retire into the

the Deſarts with his Nymph; nay, if he will, we'll propoſe a ſhorter Time of Tryal: But he ſhould not reckon upon the Beginning of a Marriage, for the End has but little reſemblance to it. Pray tell me; there'll be but theſe two in the Country,---if they are not equally charmed with each other's Converſation, the Country won't be worth a farthing. Can he depend upon the Taſte of the Woman he has but juſt married? Will ſhe be ſatisfied with never ſeeing any thing but Trees and him? He ought to be able to anſwer both for himſelf and another too; and even the former, which is much the eaſieſt, is above the Power of Man. He don't conſider that a Solitude, in which he will be eternally with the Perſon he loves without any Diſtraction, will wear his Paſſion before he can tell where he is; 'twill be more exhauſted by one Month in the Country, than it would have been by a whole Year in Town. Paſſions ſhould not be managed in that manner; they ſhould be extended and ſpun out as much as poſſible by ſome Intervals of Reſt and Buſineſs. Your Friend is not at all a Maſter of this Art. Now, I am, and make uſe of it with very good Succeſs.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

To the ſame. *Upon the Return of the ſame Man to* Paris.

DO you remember what I writ to you about, two Months ago? I ſaw our Friend Yeſterday at the Play. He's already returned to *Paris*, and which is worſt of all, has left his Wife in the Country. 'Tis true, he ſays, he has a little Buſineſs here that will detain him ſome few Days; but I durſt lay a Wager this little Buſineſs will go on very ſlowly. I can already perceive his Coldneſs by his Manner of ſpeaking; 'tis indeed the ſame that it was two Months ago, but it is not hit off with the ſame Air. Then it was eaſie to ſee he could hardly find Words to expreſs his Content; and now he only uſes his old Expreſſions; he ſays the moſt paſſionate Things in an indifferent Tone, and ſays them only to ward off the Diſhonour of ſo quick an Alteration. He is himſelf ſenſible of the Difference, and avoids a Subject which was ſo lately the only one he

he could talk of. He ſeems very much aſhamed that he is leſs fond than he was formerly. When he ſpeaks of Love he does it in Terms not very reſpectful, and gives it the Names of Folly, Madneſs, and the like; 'tis true he corrects thoſe Names by a few honourable Epithets; but he did not always talk at this rate. I pity him; he was not only bound to Madam —— to be always paſſionately fond, but, which is worſe, to the Publick too. The Lady indeed muſt be forced to be eaſie under the Decreaſe of his Tenderneſs, and to forgive him for it; but the Publick, being under no ſuch Obligation, will never forgive him; they will expect the poor Man to ſtay in the Country, and if he does not, as he certainly will not, woe be to him! He'd be very much obliged to any Man that would but ſue him at Law, that he might have a Pretence to come and live at *Paris?* I ſhould adviſe him to ſettle himſelf here by Degrees, firſt taking only a Lodging in an Inn, and afterwards a Houſe. He muſt return with an humble Air, as if he was begging Pardon. And indeed can any thing be more fooliſh than for a Man to run out of Town, proclaiming, *I am in love for Life, I have no further Occaſion for the Acquaintance of Mankind!*

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

To Mademoiſelle *V*****

Of the Greatneſs of her Merit and the Sincerity of his Love.

YOU need not doubt my being charmed, Madam, at the manner in which you came off from the dangerous Converſation you were engaged in with the Lady who gave you an Aſſault of Wit. I believe ſhe fancied ſhe had the Advantage becauſe you talk'd much leſs than ſhe did, but I eſteem you the more for having gained a Victory over her without giving her Offence. It was a very ingenious Piece of Malice in you to let her have as much Wit as ſhe pleaſed, and only to put in a Word now and then which was very ſly though it appeared of no Conſequence, and which would have taken her down from her high Opinion of her ſelf, if ſhe had thorowly underſtood you. Upon my Word I never knew you more witty, nor ever more hand-

handſome, for a ſecret Fear of being outdone gave a Life to your Eyes and to your Face, and the Endeavours you uſed to turn ſuch fine Language into Ridicule, caſt a ſort of additional Sharpneſs into your Looks. Hitherto, whenever I have been touched with any Perſon, I have always given her in my Imagination what ſhe really wanted in her ſelf; I did not care to let an Idea that was to reign in my Mind be imperfect, and ſo I made it compleat out of my own Liberality; but really I give you nothing; you are the firſt Perſon I ever loved as ſhe was of herſelf, without being ſomething obliged to me for her Charms. I cannot therefore take the ſame Revenge upon you as I have done upon ſeveral others, whom I reſtored to their natural Condition, and from whom I took away all the Favours my Imagination had beſtowed upon 'em, if ever they diſobliged me. Your Merit will always hold good againſt my Reſentment, and I muſt never expect to have the Comfort of thinking you leſs amiable, though I never ſo earneſtly deſired not to love you. This Confeſſion is certainly very imprudent, but then I have promiſed never to tell you any thing but Truth. Nothing but

Truth

Truth in Love! This is hardly conceiveable; ſure I muſt love almoſt to Madneſs when I made ſuch a Promiſe. If ever you ſuffer me to come a little to my Senſes, I declare beforehand I intend to begin to lye again, according to the Cuſtom of true Gallantry. 'Till that time, a thouſand little Artifices of Love which I had learnt will be of no Uſe to me. I was a pretty good Artiſt at acting one of thoſe Languiſhments which touch, or at aſſuming that Gayety which ſeduces, and I have known more than one fine Woman fly out into a Paſſion with me for my Repreſentations and Remonſtrances; but for your ſake I renounce all theſe Attainments, and love you like a Man that had never loved any body elſe. The little that this varies from Truth is not worth ſpeaking of. What Compariſon is there between my other Paſſions and this!

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

To the ſame. *In Anſwer to her Complaints of his never being tired in her Company.*

I Never in my Life was under ſo unreaſonable an Empire as yours is. How can you ſay 'tis certain I impoſe upon you becauſe I have always teſtify'd ſo much Pleaſure in being with you, and never ſeem'd tired a Moment? You ſay this is not natural, and there's Art in all I do. Seriouſly I'm very unfortunate; I muſt ſeem uneaſie when I am really the moſt contented Man upon Earth! What would you have me do? 'Tis but three Years ſince I firſt had the Honour to ſee you; all your Charms are as yet new to me, and as you manage them, making the one ſucceed the other, there ſeems to be enough of them to laſt theſe twenty Years, without falling into any Repetitions. Stay 'till that time be paſt, and then I'll endeavour to do what you'd have me, namely, to be uneaſie in your Com-

Company; I think I offer fair. I very well know that the chief Occaſion of Love's being of ſo ſhort a Duration, is the carrying it beyond Nature. Men pretend to be, for Example, in a perpetual Extacy when they're with the Perſon they love, always equally raviſhed, always inchanted. Nature won't bear this, and ſo may be you are willing to husband my Tenderneſs, by giving it Leave to take a little Reſpite. I own the Motive is very obliging, and you may be ſure I ſhall acknowledge it as ſuch; but upon my Word, Madam, 'tis impoſſible to be ſo complaiſant as to be uneaſie in your Preſence. See if you can find any Body that will make their Court to you at that Rate. I don't think *Des* —— himſelf, as reſtleſs as he is, could do it.

LET-

LETTER L.

To the Chevalier *de L* * * * *

Who was about to renounce the Order of Maltha *to marry a pretty Votary.*

YOU are reſolved then to marry the lovely Votary whom you have ſo long paid your Addreſſes to, and to renounce the Order of *Maltha* for her ſake? You were going to make a good Religious Brother, and you have changed thoſe pious Thoughts into the Deſigns of Wedlock! See how dangerous theſe handſome Votaries are to the moſt religious Man in any holy Order! I wonder ſhe can have the Conſcience to ſteal you from Chriſtianity, whoſe Intereſts you were to have defended all your Lifetime againſt the *Turks*; for now you forget there are anyſuch People in the World, and it will not be your Fault if they don't hereafter make a great many Conqueſts. Perhaps ſhe did not think of this; but if I ow'd you a Spite, I would tell her how valiant you are, and what an Advantage your

your Marriage brings the *Alcoran*. Perhaps ſhe thinks that by marrying and converting you ſhe performs a Deed as glorious to Chriſtianity as all thoſe you had perform'd upon the *Turks* would have been. But tell me one thing: ſhould not you be at a Loſs if, as you would be asked for your Proofs of Nobility at *Maltha* before they received you as a Knight, Mademoiſelle *de G*----ſhould ask you for your Proofs of Devotion, before ſhe receives you for her Husband? I don't think you have any other Proofs as yet beſides your Tenderneſs for her; but perhaps ſhe will accept of that Proof, and will take up with the profane Love wherewith ſhe has inſpired you, 'till ſhe can inſpire you with a Love more divine: Theſe Votaries underſtand Trap. I durſt lay a Wager this Woman, under Colour of having a Mind to convert you, does really love you, and that among the Sermons ſhe preaches to you, ſhe will not omit the Virtue of conjugal Fidelity. But after all, as ſhe's to be the Inſtrument of your Converſion, 'tis but juſt ſhe ſhould have the Advantage of it. I'll aſſure you no Converſion was ever wrought by a more agreeable Inſtrument, and there'd be more godly Men in the World than there are,

if

if there were more ſuch godly Women. Adieu, my dear Knight; make haſte and put it out of the Power of *Maltha* to give you that Title.

LETTER LI.

To Monſieur *de L* * * **

Upon the Marriage of a Woman, who might have been had without.

THE News you tell me is very extraordinary. What! Mademoiſelle *de S. P.* marry'd! I never thought her cut out for Matrimony. As far as I ſee, Love acts like moſt of your great Men, who marry off the Women that have ſerved them. This will encourage others; perhaps there may be ſome who after the Example of Mrs. *S. P.* will be a little negligent of their Conduct, and think they are taking the ready Way to make their Fortune. Any Man that ſhould by his ſole Valour come to be Marſhal of *France*, would be the Death of ten thouſand Men that would be killed in ſtriving to arrive at the ſame Dignity;

Dignity; and the Lady we now ſpeak of, will be the cauſe of as many's turning Miſtreſſes, in Hopes at laſt to get a Huſband. She plainly ſhews ſhe did not want for Wit, by her chuſing that very Man from among all her Lovers who was moſt eaſie to be wheadled into Marriage. She did not troub le her ſelf with having Virtue to no Purpoſe; ſhe had it but once, but then it was rightly timed: There are a great many People, who have no very great Value for her, that would hardly have been able to have done this. I pity the poor Gentleman for having been the only one ſhe thought worthy of her Virtue; yet he drew it upon himſelf by his natural Folly, and deſerved to be deſtinguiſhed from the reſt. I can't help laughing when I think of what you tell me, that by a Billet of four Lines ſhe threw him into Extaſies for two Months together, and that one Day when he ventured to kiſs her Hand, the ſcrupulous Creature threaten'd to baniſh him from her Preſence for ever. I am now perſwaded that there's nothing like the placing of Things artfully; theſe Rigours were very ridiculous, but then they were rightly placed; they have taken Effect. I don't doubt but even after they were

marry'd ſhe was unwilling to ſubmit to the difficult Duty of a Wife, and made her Husband the Happieſt of Conquerors by the Hardneſs of the Victory. She did well; the Happineſs ſhe was able to give him ſtood in need of ſomething to ſeaſon it.

LETTER LII.

To Mademoiſelle *de V* * * **

Upon her having been very much moved at the Opera.

I Obſerved you to be ſo very much moved Yeſterday, Madam, at the Opera, and when you are at home you are ſo far from being ſo, that I could not help upbraiding you with it. Perhaps you ſuffer your Heart to be touched only at the Opera, becauſe there you hear nothing that's true, and conſtrain your ſelf with me, becauſe there is but too much Truth in all I ſay to you: I can't tell what you think, but 'tis my Opinion you ought to act quite the contrary. I may ſay what moving things I will

will to you, they never fetch the Hankerchief out of your Pocket; if *du Meny* ſaid them, you'd be bathed in Tears. Is it becauſe 'tis impoſſible to touch you without deceiving you? If ſo, both you and I are in a very unfortunate Condition; particularly I, who ſhould then have nothing further to hope for. Nothing's ſo charming as a pretty Lady like your ſelf that is alive, I mean, that has any Sentiments in her; for Sentiments and Life are the ſame thing, and pray can it be called living, to live only at the Opera? Conſider, you muſt at that rate live but three times a Week, three Hours at a time, and pay Tribute even for that to Monſieur *Lully*. This would be living only by Machines, or like thoſe infirm Perſons that are kept alive by force of Medicines. A great Number of People muſt be aſſembled, Muſick muſt be prepared with extraordinary Art and Labour; an infinite Number of Inſtruments muſt ſound in your Ears, and all this only to give you ſome little Sentiment. For my Part if I were you, I'd live more naturally and without all this Expence. One Man would be ſufficient for the Operation, and provided You, on your Side, did but come with ſome cer-

tain Diſpoſitions, you'd be more alive by ſeeing and hearing that Man, than at the Opera it ſelf: In ſhort, Life does not conſiſt in ſucking in Breath into the Lungs and blowing it out again; it conſiſts in receiving Sentiments into the Heart and returning them. In this Particular the Life which the Opera gives you is very defective; 'tis true, you do take in ſomething, but you don't return it; you were touch'd by *du Meny*, but I dare ſwear he has no Thoughts of you. You ſhould live at anotherguess Rate than this, ſince you may do it ſo eaſily.

LETTER LIII.

To the ſame. *Upon one Grey Hair which ſhe had in a Head of Hair of a prodigious Length.*

I Yeſterday, Madam, talk'd with a Man that was at one of the moſt agreeable Sights in the World. You were at your Toilet, and he ſaid that as ſoon as ever you had taken off a little Cap and unty-ed ſome Strings, the Floor was of a ſud-

den

den cover'd with a Grove of black Hair, At firſt he could not conceive where all that Hair could come from; he was reſolved to trace it back to its Source, and having travell'd a long Journey with his Eyes, he obſerved that it all hung down from your Head. He could never have believed your Head had brought forth any thing which would fall to the Ground. But what moſt ſurpriz'd him was, amongſt all that Load of Hair he ſpied one of an extraordinary Whiteneſs. Perhaps indeed in ſuch a fearful Sight of Hair as you have, there may be Hair of all Sorts; how do we know but if we look'd narrowly we might find red and green ones! Nothing is impoſſible in ſo great a Quantity. Yet for my Part, I am more inclined to believe that this white Hair had ſome particular Cauſe, and is to be attributed to ſome Cares you may have had. What Cares? I muſt beg your Pardon; but, to be free with you, I know only one Sort of Cares that could whiten the Hair of ſo charming a Brown. There is ſome one concealed amidſt the Multitude of your Adorers, whom you have better Thoughts of than you ſay you have. O thrice happy Author of that white Hair! I ſhould die

contented had I done ſo much in my whole Life. Yet I hardly believe I ever ſhou'd, even tho' you had the greateſt Value for me that it is poſſible to conceive. I ſhould be ſo ſubmiſſive, ſo aſſiduous, ſo faithful, that I ſhould never give you Uneaſineſs enough to whiten one ſingle Hair, and for me it would all remain as brown as they are now, 'till you were fourſcore Years old. Pray, Madam, take my Advice, and love me if 'twere only to preſerve their preſent Colour; or if this won't pleaſe you, at leaſt love him you do love, with more Moderation. Can't you be touch'd with a Paſſion but your Hair muſt preſently turn white? Endeavour to be leſs violent in it for the future. Love is made to give the Eyes a new Brightneſs, to paint the Cheeks with new Vermilion; and not to cover your Head with Snow. Its Duty is to embelliſh: It would be a great Pity if that ſhould make you old, which gives new Youth to all the reſt of the World. Pluck from your Head that white Hair, and at the ſame time pluck out the Root of it which lyes in your Heart, and embark in ſome more gay Affection.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

To the ſame. *Upon the aforementioned Grey Hair.*

YOU have no Cauſe, Madam, to complain becauſe that grey Hair which, you ſay, ought naturally to paſs for a Sign of Wiſdom, did to me appear a Sign of Love, that is, Folly, according to the Interpretation you put upon it. Such is the Condition of Women that are young and handſome; they may chance indeed to be wiſe, but no Body is obliged to believe them ſo. Let them give never ſo many Proofs of it, there will ſtill be ſome Infidels. 'Tis true, this Hair may become grey by your meditating profoundly upon the Vanity of worldly Things, and the Uſeleſneſs of our Employments; but I beſeech you don't think to have any Honour from ſuch elevated Thoughts; were your Hair as grey as Madam —— who yet had never any ſuch Thoughts, 'twould not at all be for your Reputation. Either re-

nounce Morality, Madam, or renounce the Charms you poſſeſs; thoſe are two things which you will never be allow'd to enjoy together; and if an Aſſembly of the *Beau-Monde* were to gueſs at the Cauſe of your Grey Hair, they'd rather attribute it to your being deceived by ſome Spark, than to the Wiſdom of your Meditations. I own for You to be deceived would be an incredible Story, but 'twou'd be much more ſo for you to be ſo much given to Meditation.

LETTER LV.

To the ſame. *Upon her learning to Sing.*

I Have been out all this Morning, Madam, to look after Mr. —— It was with ſome Reluctance he promiſed me to come to you three times a Week; and tho' I have obtain'd it, I don't know whether I preſſed it ſo warmly as I might have done. I don't care to be concerned in getting you new Charms; you have but too many already, and if 'twere

'twere in my Power I'd rather leſſen than encreaſe them. I tremble when I think of your being able to ſing, and how well you'll do it, having ſet your Heart upon it. Your Mouth, which is as yet only ſomething excellently well made of Incarnation, can already give me Diſturbance when I look upon it, and what will it do when there iſſue from it ſoft tender Sounds? I own 'twould be another Caſe if thoſe ſoft tender Sounds were not pricked down in Notes, if you learnt them from your Heart and not from a piece of Paper, and if you were taught them by a Love-Maſter inſtead of a Singing-Maſter.

LETTER LVI.

To Monſieur *de B* * * * *

An Account of a Quarrel he had upon his Hands for preferring lean Perſons to fat Ones.

CAN you believe that I have a Quarrel upon my Hands, I who never have had one ſince I was in the Service? I had dined quietly t'other Day at my

Inn, and when I roſe from Table I went and walked in the Court-yard with four or five other Gentlemen. We had exhauſted all our Stock of News at Dinner; and what remained there to talk of after News? Nothing but the Ladies; a Converſation in an Inn is not likely to turn upon ſuch ſubtile Matters of Gallantry as the Converſations in *Clelia*; we did not Diſcourſe upon the Difference between Love and Friendſhip, nor the Art of diſtinguiſhing the Proceeding of the Mind from that of the Heart: The Queſtion was put which were handſomeſt, fat Women or lean. Since I could not avoid chuſing one Extremity, I declared for the lean. There was a broken Captain in Company that began to defend the contrary Party with great Heat. I was forced to raiſe my natural Tone to come up to his. I ridiculed the Majeſty he ſaid there was in fat Women, and I did it with ſo much Succeſs, that the Laughers were on my ſide. When he bantered the lean Ones, there was not the leaſt Laugh; and this made him half Mad. I own this Victory elevated me a little, and I aſſumed the Air of a Conqueror. He would have revenged himſelf by ſome Words which were addreſſed perſonally to me, but the other Gen-

Gentlemen interpoſed, and turned the Diſcourſe upon ſomething elſe. They afterwards told me that what made him ſo warm for Fatneſs, was a very fat Woman whom he loved to Diſtraction; but they ſhould have given me Notice of this beforehand, and as I am not in love with any Woman that is lean, I ſhould immediately have given up the Point. 'Tis I believe about a Fortnight ſince this happened. I have made ſeveral Advances to the Captain to get him to forget the Diſpute, but he ſeems reſolved not to hear of an Accommodation. I believe he makes a Merit of this to his Miſtreſs; and amongſt his tender Proteſtations to her Swears never to forgive the Enemies of Plumpneſs. I wanted to go Yeſterday at an Hour appointed to a very pretty Lady; the Time drew near, my Chairmen were not to be found, and I went on foot in very great haſte. As I went along I joſtled ſomebody, and who ſhould it be but the Captain himſelf; *dammee, Sir*, ſays he gruffly, *can't you ſee?* Not having a Moment to loſe I did not ſo much as look behind me, but ſaid to him coldly, *I have ſomething elſe to do now than to fight You*, and ſo went on. He'd ha' been very glad of an Occaſion to take a Puſh or

two

two with me, but really I had not then ſo much Honour in me as to attack him. I don't know what will be the Iſſue of all this; 'twould be a good Jeſt if this Diſpute about the Fatneſs or Leanneſs of Women ſhould ſend us before the Marſhals of *France*. I find my Enemy goes from Houſe to Houſe animating all the fat Women againſt me, and of late I find they look upon me with a very evil Eye. What ſhall I do, my dear Friend, in ſo preſſing a Danger? I think I have nothing elſe to fly to, than to arm all the lean People in my Defence.

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ſight, you'll forget how much I have loved you, and think my Rival loves you enough: but pray take an Account of my Love before you compare it to his. Alas! he'll make the ſame Attacks, Ambuſcades and Surpriſes againſt your Heart as we ſhall make in the *Netherlands*. What if he ſhould ſucceed as well here as we certainly ſhall there? When we have taken a great many Cities, perhaps I may be intitled to the twenty thouſandſt part of the Glory; but when at my Return I find your Heart taken, I ſhall be intitled to it all. I'll endeavour to deſerve to be put into the Gazette, to remind you of my Name; but as ill Fortune will have it, I can't put my Sighs too in the Gazette, and my Name without my Sighs will ſignifie nothing. Methinks there is but very little Care taken of the Lovers that go to War; the King gives to thoſe who are at Law or in Debt his Royal Letters, by which the Actions their Creditors might bring againſt them are put to a ſtop whilſt they are at the Campaign in his Majeſty's Service; otherwiſe 'twould be barbarous to let Advantage to be taken of their Abſence to ruin them in. And ought not the ſame Letters be given to Lovers, to hinder Advantage being taken of their

Abſence

Abſence while they are in the Army to throw them out of their Miſtreſſes Affections? We return home after having ventured our Life for our Prince, and find our Miſtreſs has deſerted us for a Pettifogger or a Cit. This is a very great Diſcouragement to the Soldier, and if the Miniſters of State had conſidered it a little, they'd certainly remedy it. The Ladies perhaps might oppoſe it, either becauſe of the great Conſtancy that would be exacted from them, or the Solitarineſs they muſt undergo during the Campaigns; but 'tis no matter for that; the publick Good ought to be preferred to all other Conſiderations; the King would certainly be better ſerved. I'll endeavour to put this in the Head of thoſe that approach the Powers, and if I can I'll force you to be faithful by vertue of a Declaration from the King, ſince you won't be ſo without.

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

To Madam——

Sending her ſome Vermillion for one of her Friends.

YOU honour me very much, Madam, in having pitch'd upon me to truſt with your Friend's Want of Complexion. I ſend you ſome of the beſt Vermillion in all *Paris*; I wiſh the Lady you get it for, and whom I believe I know, may like it, and the Count of-- be deceived with it; but I'm afraid her Vermillion will do her no good, if you always keep together as you uſed to do; your Complexion will do hers more Harm than this Paint will do it good. If you ſhew'd your ſelf a generous Friend, you would uſe ſome of what I ſend you your ſelf, to make your Complexion leſs charming, that you may not ſpoil that of Madam *de* —— which elſe you will certainly do, let her uſe never ſo much Art. Nay, I don't know but 'twill be your Intereſt ſo to do; for if your Complexion ſo far exceeds that of Madam *de* ——People will believe Yours to be Artificial

Artificial and hers Natural. As for the Secrecy you desire of me, Madam, you may rely upon it; I'm equally discreet with Regard both to the Heart and Complexions of those that trust me, and when I meet your Friend, you shall see I'll be one of the first to admire the very thing I my self had bought.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

LETTER I.

To Mr. *F* * * *

On the low Condition to which Dramatick Writing is at preſent fallen.

I Can't get the little Book I mentioned to you, and you ſo much deſired to ſee: So you muſt e'en be ſatisfied with the Extract I ſend you of it from my Memory, which may chance nevertheleſs to give you ſome Diverſion. It is as follows. *Melpomene*, the Goddeſs of Tragedy, deſcends to the Shades below: I have forgot upon what account, but ſo the Book begins, and I retained it in my Memory; the Author has no need to be ſorry for my having forgot what made *Melpomene* take that Journey, for I don't remember that he gave any extraordinary Reaſons for her going. She falls into Converſe with the Ghoſts ſhe meets

meets with, and they naturally run into the Subject of Plays. An illuſtrious Ghoſt, who was a Heroe in his Days, and whom I ſhall forbear to name, becauſe ſome People would think themſelves hinted at, ſays he is very ſorry that there are no more Tragedies written in *France*; becauſe if that Faſhion had not dropped, he might have hoped to revive at *Paris* in his former Glory and Splendor. Upon this *Melpomene* wonders he ſhould be ſo ill informed, and tells him that her Stage is better furniſhed than ever, that more Plays are acted now in one Winter than formerly were in two, and to evince the Truth of what ſhe ſays, ſhe tells the Ghoſt that he himſelf was the Heroe of the beſt Tragedy that had been played that Year. The Ghoſt, very much ſurpriſed, replies, that he had never heard ſo much before, and that the Play muſt ſurely have been acted very privately, and he calls all the Ghoſts to witneſs that it was not ſo much as believed in thoſe Regions, that any Tragedies at all were written in this Upper-World. The Goddeſs anſwers that the Tragedy ſhe ſpoke of had had prodigious Succeſs, that all the Town crowded to it; and when the Dead have argued with her a little upon its being impoſ-

ſible

ſible for ſuch noble Compoſitions to be unknown to them, and told her that they heard talk of nothing but thoſe of *Corneille* and *Racine* when they wrote, but ſince that time the Noiſe which Dramatick Pieces uſed to make and which reached even their Ears, had ſtop'd all of a ſudden; ſhe confeſſes there's a ſort of whimſical Fatality which makes theſe latter Works draw Spectators, though no body either likes them or reads them, and that they are abſolutely loſt in the Memory of Men, the Moment they have had their Run on the Stage. Having thus begun to ſpeak of her Misfortunes, ſhe goes on of herſelf in the Tone ſhe is ſo uſed to, and falls to complaining in an Air entirely Tragical. The Author here very properly aſſumes a certain Stage-Jargon which he puts in her Mouth. *Alas!* (ſays *Melpomene*) *let us not conceal our Misfortunes, I am every Day loſing ſome of my former Splendor. My Siſter* Polyhimnia (you'll eaſily perceive ſhe calls Operas by that Name) *though but newly come into* France, *does already appear in it with more Glory than my ſelf, who have been ſettled there ſo long. Every body goes to her Conſorts: Every thing reſounds with her Songs and Recitatives. Even my Siſter* Thalia *has now the Advantage*

tage of me, not the French Thalia *whoſe Charms were Natural and Mirth polite; but a foreign* Thaila, *a Maſk'd, extravagant, farciſh* Thalia, *who raiſes Laughter only becauſe nothing that's good is expected from her, and who has got a Diſpenſation from ſaying any thing that has common Senſe in it.* After ſhe has ſaid ſome other Things of the like Nature, a Poet who happens to be preſent, turns the Complaints of *Melpomene* into Ridicule. He asks her if ſhe is not ſtill a Muſe, a Goddeſs, and if ſhe is ſo, why ſhe does not inſpire the Modern Poets which the ſame Raptures that had formerly produced ſuch excellent Tragedies? Is it not in her own Power to cauſe another *Cid* to be writ whenever ſhe thinks fit? *Melpomene* tells the Poet he is deceived; that 'tis true the Muſes are thoſe that inſpire the Poets, but that all Poets are not capable of being well inſpired; that there are ſome in whom the moſt Divine Raptures turn to Impertinence; that when ſhe would chuſe ſuch as are well made for it, they refuſe her Inſpirations, which are always rejected by thoſe whom ſhe would encourage to write for her Stage; that ſhe finds 'tis a Notion of Glory which gives them an Averſion for that ſort of Labour, but that ſhe can't conceive why they ſhould have ſuch a Notion,

tion, becauſe it can never be ſhameful to tread in the Steps of all thoſe great Men who had gained immortal Reputation by their Tragedies. Upon this a Ghoſt that was in Company, and who ſaid nothing all this while, addreſſes himſelf to *Melpomene*, and ſpeaks to her as follows; I believe I ſhall be able to repeat to you what he ſaid, almoſt word for word, becauſe this Paſſage pleaſed me. *Great Muſe*, ſays he, *I will unfold this Myſtery which you don't know how to comprehend, but I will do it by another Myſtery. At what time did* Greece *flouriſh? then when* Athens *and* Lacædemon *were much upon an Equality in Point of Power. Then the leſs conſiderable Towns of* Greece *ſided either with one or other of theſe two great Cities, according to their different Inclinations or different Intereſts. If* Athens *did a Piece of Injuſtice to an ally'd City, that City was ſure to go over to the* Lacedæmons, *and this kept the* Athenians *from abuſing their Power. If* Lacedæmon *gave her Allies any ill Uſage,* Athens *took Care to revenge them, and the ſole Fear of that kept* Lacedæmon *within Bounds. Thus the Equality of theſe two Cities ſupported the Liberty of* Greece, *which never enjoy'd ſo much Happineſs as it did then. But when* Lacedæmon *had at length deſtroyed* Athens, *when*

when ſhe was ſole Miſtreſs, when there was none but Lacedæmon *in* Greece; *ſhe began to uſurp an inſupportable Authority over the* Greeks, *who could never bear to ſubmit to ſuch a Power. Their Glory would not ſuffer them to yield to the* Lacedæmons, *whom they could not now think of bringing down to reaſonable Conditions. There were only ſome pitiful Towns, without Name or Courage, who remained in ſo unworthy a Slavery; but the reſt, animated by the Love of Liberty, drove* Lacedæmon *her ſelf to the very Brink of Ruin, and ſo broke her Forces, that ſhe was never after able to recover her ſelf. Do you underſtand me, Goddeſs? Do you know what* Athens, *what* Lacedæmon, *and what* Greeks *I aim at?* I believe, Sir, you know too. The Story of the two Companies of Players is ſo univerſally known, that there can be no Obſcurity in this Allegory; at leaſt the Author truſts ſo much to the Readers, that he explains it no further. After this, *Moliere*, who was preſent at all this, undertakes to comfort *Melpomene*, who was informed that the Affairs of the Stage would be daily worſe and worſe, and who is but too ſenſible of it: But he comforts the poor Muſe after his uſual Manner. He repreſents to her that ſhe ought rather to be pleaſed

to

to ſee that what was thought ſo extraordinary in him, namely, the double Tallent of Writing and Acting, is now grown very common; that thoſe who before only brought a Mouth into the Theatre, with which they repeated the Words of other Men, did now bring a Head too, from whence they fetcht all they ſaid; that inſtead of being only Inſtruments, and ſuch too as were very hardly made to be good for any thing, they were become the Soul of all; and that, to conclude, ſince the Stage had made it ſelf independent of all foreign Aſſiſtance, it promiſed more than ever. At theſe Words *Melpomene*, with a deep Groan reply'd; *Ah!* Moliere, *you were not a Poet becauſe you were an Actor; you were born a great Poet and a good Actor at the ſame time. As for theſe you ſpeak of, I proteſt and declare they were not inſpired either by me or any one of my Siſters, but only by my Mother.* The Dead did not preſently find out what ſhe meant by this, and ſhe refuſed to explain what ſhe had ſaid, for the Muſes you know are very civil Goddeſſes, and don't much care to give Offence to any Body. But there was one among them that unravelled the *Enigma*, and told the Meaning of it to the reſt, by putting them in Mind that the Muſes

Muſes are the Daughters of *Jupiter* and *Mnemoſyne* who is the Goddeſs of Memory. They then comprehended what it was to make Verſes without the Aſſiſtance of the Muſes, but only with that of their Mother, and they ſaw how juſtly this agreed with the Character of the Authors they were diſcourſing of. The Book concludes much after this Manner; there remains ſome little Matter more which I have no diſtinct Idea of, neither is it any thing that has much Salt in it. I have given you all I thought worth the reading, and did not much concern my ſelf about the Connection which is neceſſary only in a regular Piece, and which you can eaſily ſupply out of your own Imagination.

LETTER II.

To Madam ****

He tells her he cannot help loving her.

I Have done all I can, Madam, to forget you; but I never undertook any thing ſo difficult, nor ever had worſe Succeſs in any Enterprize. If any thing lovely

lovely offers it ſelf to my Mind and Imagination, it puts me in Mind of your Behaviour, which is ſo agreeable and ſo engaging. I am ſick, and the few Words you did me the Honour to write to me, if they have not entirely reſtored me to my Health, at leaſt they make me wiſh I may not die. Any Man that could have ſo much Moderation as not to love you any more than you ſay you'd have him, would be extreamly happy in your Company. He might admire a generous an agreeable Woman, and enjoy her Friendſhip with Tranquility. But 'tis very hard to ſtop there, when one has a Taſte for what is taking. There are Graces in your moſt inconſiderable Actions and in your whole Perſon, which never fail of enchanting the Beholder. I confeſs my ſelf charmed with them more than any Man alive.

LETTER III.

To Madam * * *

He tells her he is charmed with having ſeen and talked with her.

MY Mind and Heart are full of nothing but Yeſterday's Miracles; and 'twill be a long time before there will be any Room in them for any thing elſe. 'Tis impoſſible to fill them with any thing more handſome or more charming; and the only Way I have to give you ſome Idea of the extream Pleaſure I took in ſeeing and hearing you, is to proteſt that there is not any one in the World that can give me greater beſides your ſelf, if you were pleas'd, I mean, if I pleaſed you ſo much as to prevail upon you to do it. You would be adorable, if you were but a little more compaſſionate. That's your only Fault; and any other would be more eaſie to correct in you than that. Yet I am reſolved not to be diſheartned, but to employ the reſt of my Days in endeavouring to do it, being only ſorry that I have not

not apply'd the beſt of them to that Purpoſe.

LETTER IV.

To a Lady that had writ to him without letting him know who ſhe was.

A Declaration of Love.

**Madam* or *Mademoiſelle.*

YOUR Letter is ſo polite, that I burn with deſire to know who you are. Yet I don't know but it might be for my Quiet, that we ſhould both remain as we are. There's no Boy's Play to be expected with Ladies, who can gain ſo much Love before they diſcover themſelves; who are *Surprizers of Hearts*, and can oblige them to yield upon Diſcretion. I have ſeen nothing of you but ſome Rays of your Wit, which appear'd in what you were pleaſed to write to me, and even They excite in me Deſires which are very contrary to

*N. B. *The Word* Madam *is never apply'd to any Body in* French *but a marry'd Woman, and* Mademoiſelle *to a Maid.*

my Repoſe. What muſt the Effects have been, had I been ſo fortunate as to ſee that Wit ſhine out in your Eyes, and throwing forth from thence Fire and Flames! Love is a God whom 'tis very dangerous to tempt, and the beſt way is to fight with him like a *Croatian*, rather retreating than reſiſting. But alas! All theſe fine moral Reflections are out of Seaſon. I am fallen into the Ambuſcade you had prepared for me, and I find my ſelf hurt in the tendereſt Part of my Soul. If this Declaration offends you, it is your own Fault, and you muſt e'en blame your ſelf. People are ſubject to meet with unlucky Reneounters when they go diſguiſed. All I ask is that you would diſcover to me the Deity to whom I addreſs my Vows, before whom I burn my Incenſe, and who ſays ſhe takes Delight in fiſhing for Hearts in troubled Waters. All Love is blind, but no Love ſo blind as mine. Give him but his Sight, and I dare engage my Word to you that ceaſing to be blind he ſhall begin to be dumb, in caſe you do not like the Liberty I take to talk with you.

LET-

LETTER V.

To Madam ****

He tells her he ſhall deſert her if ſhe continues to be cruel to him.

AS I am your very humble Servant, Madam, my Duty obliges me to give you Notice that my Heart will rebel; and without you aſſiſt me, I ſhall never be able to keep it within the Bounds of Duty which it has promis'd you. It has not ſuffered me to take a wink of Sleep all this Night; but did nothing but recal to Mind the cruel Words you ſaid to me Yeſterday, and which ſtabbed it thro' and thro'. It threatens to break its Chains if you continue to uſe it ſo barbarouſly. It complains that for this Fortnight laſt paſt, you have thrown it into the deepeſt Melancholy; whereas it uſed to feed upon nothing but Joy and Pleaſure. It ſays that you are every Moment cutting it off from ſomething of its Hopes, as modeſt as they were, and that you abuſe the abſolute Power it has given you over it. In a word, Madam, it earneſt-

ly desired me to put an End to my own Misery by a generous Indignation, and to search for that Repose elsewhere, which your Service will never afford me. I shall hardly take its Advice: But yet, Madam, so Heroick a Heart deserves more Favour than you are pleased to shew it. I do hope, with much ado, to restrain it to the Obedience it owes to its Queen; yet pray do you, on your part, make a better Use of your unlimited Power, and look upon its Weakness rather with Pity than Contempt.

LETTER VI.

To Madam ****

He tells her she ought to yield to the Love he has for her.

WHAT can make you so desirous, Madam, of giving me to every Body that comes in your way? This is the fourth or fifth time now that you have offered me, and it was none of your Fault that you did not deliver me. Tho' I am wholly your own, either to live or dye, as you think fit; yet I am neither

neither to be ſold nor pawned. You are abſolutely Miſtreſs of my Perſon, only you cannot make a Preſent of it, as you may of your Pearl and Jewels. My Heart is a Chattel of a different Nature: It is not to be alienated: you may keep it as long as it ſhall pleaſe you, or rather as you ſhall pleaſe it, and while you continue to be as amiable as you are now; But when you grow weary of me, don't think to get rid of me by giving me to ſome Friend. You have a more certain and ſhort way in your Hands; I mean that which you made a Tryal of t'other Day, when you endeavoured to ſtrangle me. If you think this too violent, and are afraid you ſhould be blamed for it by the World; give me to my ſelf, and reſtore me to my former Liberty. Yet I don't know whether I my ſelf ſhould care for that, ſo much am I beſotted to you: If you gave the Keys of my Priſon into my own Hands, I don't think I ſhould make uſe of them to obtain my Freedom. No, Madam, don't reſtore to me what you had taken from me, but give me your ſelf, and no longer reſiſt ſo conſtant an Affection as mine is, with ſo much Cruelty and Ingratitude. When you have prevailed upon your ſelf to yield to my Requeſt,

I beſeech you, prepare me by degrees for ſo ſtrange a Revolution of Fortune, for fear ſo ſurprizing a Joy ſhould kill me, and prove more fatal than Deſpair it ſelf.

LETTER VII.

To Mademoiſelle *****

He would not have her learn to play upon the Theorbo.

THIS is too much. Your Aunt told me Yeſterday that you mean to learn to play upon the *Theorbo*, to accompany your Voice. Who have you a Deſign upon, Madam? Upon the Nightingales, who after you are heard muſt never hope to have any Admirers? Upon the Men, whom you would totally ſubdue? Or upon the Women, whom you would diſtract with Jealouſie? If you encreaſe your Charms, neither Men, nor Women, nor Nightingales can live where you are. Your Voice, which does but begin to form it ſelf, has already made two or three Men faithleſs, who were enſlaved to their Miſtreſſes only

only for their Voices. If you learn to play on the *Theorbo* you will depopulate the Empire of all thoſe too that play upon Inſtruments. Are you not afraid of meeting with the ſame Fate as *Orpheus?* He Sung juſt as you will Sing in a little while; he played upon the *Theorbo* juſt as you will play whenever you think fit to learn: And one Day the Women of *Greece* ſtoned him to Death. 'Tis true, they did it becauſe he did not love them; but pray, Madam, won't you deſerve the ſame Puniſhment, if you hinder every Body from loving the fair Ladies of *France*. For my part, if they do ſerve you ſo, my Conſcience will be ſatisfied; I foretold you of it: You would not take my Advice, but perſiſted in your Reſolution of heaping Accompliſhment upon Accompliſhment. I fancy if you had a Mind to ſhoot forth Rays of Light from your Face like thoſe of the Sun, you could do it. I have nothing to ſay to it; you muſt e'en diſentangle your ſelf from this Buſineſs as you think fit.

LETTER VIII.

To Madam *de* * * * * *.

Adviſing her not to be reconcil'd with Monſieur * * * *

NO Body is wiſe at all times, and the moſt prudent amongſt us have bad Intervals. Therefore, Madam, when I have committed a Fault, I frankly confeſs it, and own my ſelf ſorry for it; but I can't ſay I am at all ſo for having made you love a Perſon whom you ought never to forgive. I muſt needs own, when I think of the ill Succeſs your Affection has had, I begin to be ſorry I ever embarked you in it: But then when I call to Mind the Reaſons I had for what I did, I don't know how to repent of it. Could it ever have been believed, that a Man who had ſpent his whole Life among Women of Quality, could have been a Tyrant, and wanted Sweetneſs, when he never wanted Love. One may foreſee ordinary Accidents; but one cannot foreſee monſtrous ones. If after having found my Advice ſo unlucky,

you

you would pleaſe to take it once more, you ſhould never be reconciled to that Maggot of a Man, but ſhun him, notwithſtanding all his Intreaties. Happineſs ought to be the Purpoſe of Friendſhip; and Happineſs can never be expected but from a perfect Conformity of Tempers. From this you may judge what you are to expect from the Contrariety of your two Humours. He'll never alter; and you'll as ſoon ceaſe to be the moſt lovely of Women, as he will to be the moſt whimſical and moſt inſolent of Men. You will ſoon prevail upon your ſelf to take my Advice. I know the Power Reſentment has over a Soul like yours; and Reaſon has Strength enough to conquer a Paſſion which it ſelf produced without the Eyes being at all concerned in it. To go about to comfort you for your not having received ſuch ſolid Proofs of the Eſteem of your Inconſtant as your Beauty, your Wit, and the Affection you teſtified for him might lawfully have claimed, would be robbing your Looking-Glaſs of its Employment. That will tell you, whenever you pleaſe to conſult it, that there is not a Feature in your Face which can excuſe his Inconſtancy. The Loſs of ſuch a Heart as his is not worth thinking of,

and

and you'll every Day win enow to make amends for all thoſe that eſcape you.

LETTER IX.

To Madam * * *

Sending her a Looking-Glaſs, after having broken one of hers.

I Rather make you a Reſtitution than a Preſent: Tho' what I ſend you may upon a ſtrict Examination appear very inconſiderable, yet you may ſee the moſt charming thing in the World in it. Without talking in Riddles any longer, I muſt needs tell you, you will ſee my Miſtreſs's Picture in it. Now this is what I would not for the World tell any Body beſides your ſelf; but to you I believe I may do it, without being reckoned an indiſcreet Babbler. I give you notice you will ſee a Pair of Eyes in it that are more valuable than an hundred other Eyes: But they are very miſchievous; they know they may do what they liſt. I am not unacquainted with the abſolute Power you have over them, and

and I know you can turn them which way you pleaſe. Wherefore I could wiſh you would be ſo kind as to hinder them from doing me any further Damage.

LETTER X.

To Madam *de* * * * *

Sending her ſome Figs.

I Send you ſome of the beſt and choiceſt Figs I could lay my Hands on. I don't tell you this expecting you ſhould love me in Return for it. I very well know your Affection is not to be bought for Figs, and that 'tis one of the dearеſt and moſt valuable in the World; and indeed, 'tis ſo extraordinary, and is courted by ſo many deſerving People, that I don't wonder 'tis ſo dear. You know, Madam, I have often offered you for it both Body and Soul, all I have, all I hope for, all I am; and all this would not buy it. My only Conſolation is your having refuſed it to a great many others of all Sorts, Sizes, Humours and Conditions. Some have been tired out and dropt off; for my Part, come what

what will, the Stars have decreed that I ſhall perſevere in this Deſign, and renew theſe Offers from time to time, to try whether ſome Day or other you may not be diſpoſed to take me at my Word. How do we know, Madam? It is not decreed that you ſhall always have the ſame Sentiments, nor I the ſame Fortune.

Ill Fortune is no leſs inconſtant than Good, and nothing under the Sun remains long in one and the ſame Condition. If therefore you ever happen to change like the reſt of the Things in this World, and take a Fancy to beſtow your Friendſhip upon him that's leaſt unworthy of it, I moſt humbly beſeech you to remember me: I'll give you full as much for it as any Body ſhall; a Heart as good, and a Will as ſound as Mr. Any-Body's. My Requeſt is not unconſcionable: I don't deſire it cheaper; I only beg to have the Refuſal.

LET-

LETTER XI.

To Madam * * * *

Begging a Patch.

I Deſire you'd be ſo kind, Madam, as to give my Man a Patch for me. Don't imagine 'tis for an Ornament, or in order to gain that in the Service of another which I have loſt in yours. No, Madam, I have long ſince renounced attacking of Hearts, and the Hardneſs of yours has diſcouraged me from making of Conqueſts. The Patch I beg is only to hide a diſagreeable Pimple. I expect you to ſend me one, tho' you have ne'er another in the World; ſo don't fail me, for I muſt have it: As for your Part, Madam, 'tis impoſſible for you to put one on any Part of your Face, without hiding a Charm under it.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To Monſieur * * *

He tells him he was lazy in ſpite of his Teeth.

I Own I have not writ to you ſince I left *Paris*, but an Accident has befallen me which has hindered my doing it, and that is I am grown horrid Lazie, and have not the Heart to do any thing that will put me to the leaſt Pains. But you who with ſo much Facility can write Letters, Billets, Elegies, Sonnets, Songs, Madrigals, *&c.* pray why don't you, I ſay, write to me? why don't you ſend me ſome of the above-mention'd Pieces? You are a curmudgeonly ſort of a rich Fellow, and ſo deſpiſe me as a poor Beggar. If you did ſend me two or three of your Letters, and a few of your Verſes out of Charity, what would you be the worſe for it? If I am not Maſter of ſo much Wit as to repay them you in this World, at leaſt I would have prayed for you like a true Beggar. But perhaps you are not in your own Diſpoſal, and can apply your Thoughts ſeriouſly upon

upon nothing, but upon a certain Perſon whom you commended mightily to me before I left *France*, and whom I did not care to go ſee, that I might not give my ſelf Occaſion to be ſorry that I muſt not ſtay to ſee her long. If it be ſo, I pardon you for her ſake; if not, I pardon you for my own; for I am ſo very Lazie, that I don't care even to think of Revenge.

LETTER XIII.

To Madam——

In Excuſe for having left her too abruptly.

I Durſt lay a Wager you will lay a Wager that 'twas thro' Neglect I omitted to bid you Farewel, and that Mrs. *B*——will be ſo bold as to go your Halves. But don't do any ſuch thing, Madam; I adviſe you both as a Friend and a Lover; you would loſe, for 'twas none of my Fault. The Opportunity of going in a Coach and ſix made me ſet out two Days ſooner than I thought I ſhould. I have not yet ſeen your Husband in the Train of the Court: Therefore I

gueſs

gueſs he won't know how to leave *Paris*, and I ſhall go near to find him with you at my Return. The Miſchief on't is, as the Seaſon is pretty far gone, he'll have no further Employment, and have nothing elſe to do all the Summer but torment you.

LETTER XIV.

To Mademoiſelle * * *

Upon her not having remembred him in her Letters.

I Moſt humbly thank you, Madam, for having entirely forgotten me. Since your Departure, I have ſeen very obliging Things in the Letters you have written to your Friends; but I could not find a Word in any of them that would give me the leaſt Hopes of your having done me ſo much Honour as to remember me: This Scornfulneſs of yours does a little comfort me upon your Abſence; for the Grief it afflicted me with could be aſſwaged by no other Remedy. For this Reaſon, Madam, I'm inclined to believe you did thus only out

of

of Compaſſion to me, and you thought 'twas Mercy to kill me at one Blow. I ſhall therefore look upon my ſelf as dead, and not concern my ſelf about being ſo indeed, ſince I am ſo in your Mind, which is the moſt charming Place in the World, and the moſt deſired by your moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER XV.

To Mademoiſelle * * *

He blames her for her Slothfulneſs and want of Friendſhip.

'TIS a great Pity, Madam, you are lazie; You loſe Admiration by it, and I Repoſe: For you write with ſo ingenious an Air, that you can't tell me of your Affection without ſhewing that you could tell it agreeably if you thought fit, and that there's nothing but what your Words are able to expreſs. You would never want them, if you had the Sentiments you deſire I ſhould believe you have. The Heart is always eloquent enough when it is in love, and never deſerts

deſerts either the Tongue or Pen. Yet, Madam, I will imagine one Part of what you are pleaſed to write to me, and I here promiſe you to believe the other, if you will but take never ſo little Pains to prove it to me. I am very credulous when I wiſh for any thing; and I wiſh for nothing ſo much as your Love.

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only hear from you. Perhaps, Madam, you never received my Letter, and indeed that is what I ſhould be moſt glad to hear: For if you have received it, your not deigning to give me any Anſwer is a very ill Sign. How little ſoever your Tenderneſs is for me now, if you did but conſider to what a degree I eſteem you, and how dear you are to me, you would never refuſe to write to me, were it only to command me *to write to you no more*. Perhaps you think you command it plainly enough by ſo cruel a Silence; but I would rather chuſe to be a little dull, than too quick at apprehending a thing which would drive me to Deſpair. Be this as 'twill, have a care of turning me off: you would not only ſhew a great deal of Inconſtancy, and ſome little Ingratitude, but you would put your ſelf to a very ineffectual Trouble too; becauſe I can never help being yours: I ſwear I could not, Madam, were I to be all my Life-time a hundred Leagues from your lovely Perſon as I am now.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Monſieur ****

Upon the Death of a Friend.

THE Man you mourn for, Sir, could never be ſufficiently eſteemed, and is but too deſerving of your Tears. But Kings themſelves have dyed; and we ought to look upon Men as gone, or as juſt upon the point of going. Let us always regard the preſent Hour of our Life as the laſt, and be aſſured, that the only way not to be Afflicted, is not to be of this World. We muſt either ſee others dye, or dye our ſelves: And 'tis a very great Fault to love Life, and be at the ſame time unable to bear the Accidents with which Life is always attended. I am, Sir, your moſt humble and obedient Servant.

LETTER XVIII.

To Madam * * *

He praiſes her for the Agreeableneſs of her Letters.

MY being in Hopes of paying you a Viſit, Madam, was what made me loſe the Pleaſure of writing you a Letter; and, which I am moſt ſorry for, I have loſt by it the Pleaſure of having an Anſwer from you. If you remember the laſt you ſent me, you will confeſs this Loſs is far from being inconſiderable: It was ſo polite, that even tho' it had been never ſo diſobliging it would yet have pleaſed me, and it was ſo obliging that I ſhould have admired it, had it been never ſo unpolite. There was one thing happen'd to me too, which I could not conceive to be poſſible: I found I loved you more than before and this convinced me of what otherwiſe I ſhould never have believed, namely, that the Eſteem I had for your Wit might yet receive ſome Addition. Nay

which

which is more, Madam, I muſt needs own to you I have been more than once very glad of your Abſence; and every time I read over what you were pleaſed to write to me, I doubt whether I am not miſtaken when I think that the greateſt Satisfaction it is poſſible for me to receive, is that of your Sight and Converſation.

LETTER XIX.

To Mademoiſelle G * * *

He tells her there is no Man upon Earth that deſerves her Heart.

I Cannot help commending you, Madam, for the wiſe Reſolution you have taken to keep your Heart, and not change it for any Body's elſe. Whatever Return were made you for it you'd be a Loſer, and there is no Man alive that deſerves ſo much Happineſs, nor that dares think he does, without the greateſt Arrogance: If any one poſſeſſed you for a whole Day, tho' he made you Queen of a noble Kingdom, he would receive

from

from you more than he gave to you; and the Treaſure you made him Maſter of, would be much more valuable than his Crown. Yet all this, even the Poſſeſſion of one of the moſt handſome and moſt witty Ladies in the World, would not be capable of making him compleatly happy; ſince, in the midſt of all his Felicity, he would have the Misfortune of being thought unworthy of it by every Body that has the Honour of knowing you.

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LETTER XX.

To Mademoiſelle ***

Upon her ſaying that her writing to him was a bold Stroke.

YOUR bold Strokes, Madam, are very ſure Strokes. One has not Strength enough to ward them off, nor Courage enough to endeavour it. They delight and wound at the ſame time; but their Wounds are not at all to be fear'd; the Letter that gives them, cures them. The beautiful Turns I ſee in it give me at once an Idea of your Strength and my Weakneſs, and reſtore to me

the Humility your Praiſes had robb'd me of. Your Boldneſs takes mine from me: It ſhews me the Hazard I run in anſwering you, and gives me as much Apprehenſion of your Wit as you had of mine. Yet, Madam, my Apprehenſion ceaſes, when I conſider that if you are not ſatisfy'd with the Manner in which I expreſs my Sentiments, you will have ſo much good Nature as to caſt your Eye upon thoſe that remain in my Heart. I will be bold to ſay they are not wholly unworthy of you, and they in ſome manner deſerve to be permitted to bear the Title of your moſt humble and moſt Obedient Servant.

LETTER XXI.

To Mr. * * *

To congratulate him upon his having quitted his Miſtreſs.

I Approve your Revolt, Sir, and rejoice in the Victory you ſay you have gain'd: But yet I am afraid for you. I know the Cunning of the Enemy you think you have defeated, and there's Reaſon

to

to fear he has ſome Intelligence ſtill in your Heart. For Heaven's ſake beware of Treachery. Love is very cruel to thoſe who have rebell'd againſt him and are again reduced to his Obedience. He puts all to Fire and Sword, and gives no Quarter. You are much wiſer than me, and I am in the wrong not to truſt to your Prudence; but Friendſhip, Sir, is very apprehenſive; and you oblige me to increaſe that I always had for you. Don't now, when you your ſelf enjoy full Liberty, deſpiſe you poor Friends who have not ſo much Fortitude as to break their Chains. They may perhaps in time improve by your Example. The Eſteem they have for you, and their Deſire to pleaſe you, will help to redeem them from their Captivity. In the mean time be ſo kind as to bear with their Weakneſs, which will be a very great Joy to your moſt humble, &c.

LETTER XXII.

To Mademoiſelle *****

To congratulate her upon her Recovery from a Fit of Sickneſs.

I Uſed to think, Madam, that all I could get from your Abſence was Torment; but I find I thought wrong. It has ſaved me from innumerable Diſquiets, and has been the Cauſe of my not hearing the News of your Sickneſs till I heard that of your Recovery too. Heaven be praiſed for it. I ought not to afflict my ſelf for a Misfortune which is paſt; but I can't help trembling when I think that I had like to have loſt you. There is very little Certainty in the Things of the World. You are in the bloom of a lively Youth, ſo that any body would have believed I had concerted my Meaſures very well in placing my Affections upon you: yet they had liked to have been all broken; and if I were to begin again, I would never fall in Love with any thing liable to a Fever. But 'tis too late now to think of that; come what will I muſt in ſpite of my teeth love

love you for Life ſeven or eight Times more than Life it ſelf. All my Comfort is, that won't be very long unleſs you beſtow ſome little Return upon me. I deſire no more than what you may eaſily give me, without any Injury to the Right of thoſe who lay claim to the ſame Happineſs. A Man whoſe Deſires are ſo moderate, is not, in my Opinion, unworthy the Favour he ſues for. I conjure you not to refuſe it me, and to believe that I ſhall be as grateful as I ought to be.

LETTER XXIII.

To Monſieur T* * *

Upon the Mercenarineſs of Women.

FAITH, Sir, you're in the right on't. There's no Pleaſure in paying ſo dear for Pleaſure. When one has given one's Heart to *Phillis*, 'tis unreaſonable in her to ask for ones Purſe too. 'Tis overthrowing all Order and Decorum. In matter of doing Services, the Servant ought to be paid, and not the Miſtreſs. I always told you, 'twas not for your ſweet Face that the Lady ſhewed you ſo much Kindneſs. Another time you'll

you'll take my Word and not expoſe yourſelf to be ſo ſhamefully repulſed. But comfort your ſelf however; You are not the firſt that has had ſuch a Diſgrace. Women have ever deſired that Men ſhould rather give them Mony than fine Words: and 'twould be more proper to ſay, *No Pence no Phillis*, than, *No Pen no Paternoſter*. This plaguy Cuſtom took footing in the World long ago. In order to prove this to you, and give you ſome Comfort, I'll tell you a Story. You remember, or at leaſt you ought to remember, that fine Talker *Demoſthenes*, who led by the Noſe both Commons and Nobility, and was the Eternal Torment of the King of *Macedon* by the ſole Force of his Tongue. At the ſame time that this Speech-Maker flouriſhed at *Athens*, there was one *Lais* lived at *Corinth*; and the Beauty of this latter was no leſs famous than the Rhetorick of the former. No Heart could reſiſt the Charms of *Lais*, any more than it could the Eloquence of *Demoſthenes*. They had this one thing in common; they both laboured for the Publick, though in a different Manner. I don't know how *Demoſthenes* was rewarded; but as for *Lais*, ſhe always took care to be well payed. Her Favours were ſet at ſo high a Price, that it gave occaſion to this Pro-

Proverb; *Every body muſt not go to Corinth*. *Demoſthenes*, who had heard the Fame of *Lais*'s Beauty, thought the Proverb would not at all reach him, and that 'twas impoſſible for this Courteſan to reſiſt the Charms of his Eloquence. In this Belief he writ to *Lais*, who did not care how much Practice ſhe had: *Lais* anſwers him. This raiſes his Curioſity ſtill higher; he leaves *Athens*, and flies to *Corinth*: I can't find whether he went in a Coach or how; but 'tis very likely that one ſo much ſmitten as he was took Poſt, if there was any ſuch thing in thoſe Days. At his Arrival he ſpruces himſelf up, puts on clean Linnen, and thinking himſelf more beautiful than *Adonis*, he goes to ſee her whom he thought more beautiful than *Venus*. He finds her more charming than he had painted her to his Imagination. He attacks her very warmly; and plies her with a whole Legion of Compliments: but this did not ſound in *Lais*'s Ears any thing comparable to the Chink of Gold. When the Affair drew to a Concluſion ſhe demanded ten thouſand Drachmas, which in our Mony comes to —— Faith I don't know what, but we may ſuppoſe it was no inconſiderable Sum. This Propoſal ſo daſhed poor *Demoſthenes*, that he ſtood for ſome time as if he had been thunderſtruck

derſtruck. At length he wakes out of his amorous Dream, as you did, and drawing off told her, *He would never pay ſo dear for Repentance.* There has been old Philoſophizing and Annotating upon this Word Repentance; but the Learned generally believe *Demoſthenes* meant what we call the *Neapolitan* (or *French*) Diſeaſe, and which was in thoſe Days called by the *Athenians*, *the* Corinthian *Diſeaſe*. Be that as 'twill, our Lover came back aſhamed of his Journey. At his Return he declaimed, with all his Rhetorick, againſt the Vices of the Sex, but they did not much mind him. Tell truth, Sir; does not this give you ſome Eaſe; does not this Adventure of *Demoſthenes* aſſwage the Grief you had conceived from your own? 'Tis no new Invention for the Women to ſell their Favours. Thoſe who ſet up for Skill in Love-Eloquence, and boaſt of the mighty Things they can perform with it, preſume too much upon their Knowledge, and generally grow to be the Subject of Laughter. Ten Piſtoles will go further with a fair Lady than ten thouſand fine Speeches: Merit and Genteelneſs are a Coin which won't now paſs current among that Sex.

FINIS.